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THE BOOKMAN

A MAGAZINE OF LITERATURE AND LIFE

MARCH, 1913

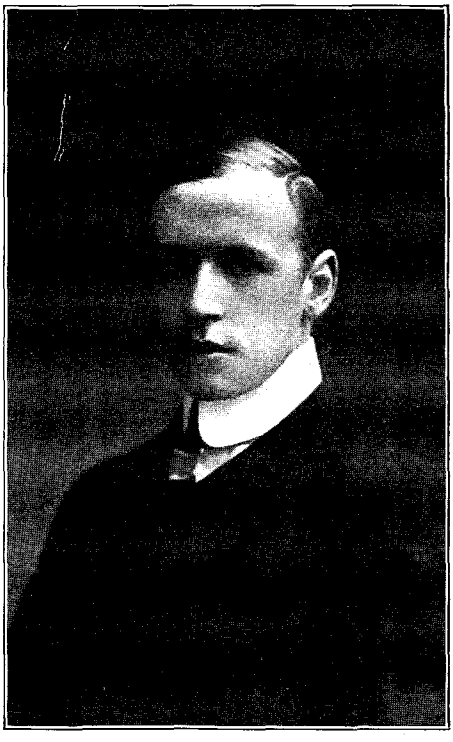
CHRONICLE AND COMMENT

A Possible Laureate

THERE is no doubt that Mr. Alfred Noyes, who should reach this country about the time this paragraph appears in print, has an eye on the English laureateship. Mr. Noyes is a good poet, in some respects an unusual poet, and his is a perfectly dignified and laudable ambition. Wisely he has seen that it is not enough merely to go on writing good verse; his aim is apparent in his selection of subjects. Others may do as they please, he will be the poet of England, of her greatness, her history, her destiny. At first sight this does not seem the best way to realise the dream of the laureateship. Fifteen years or so ago Rudyard Kipling was the poet of England in the fullest sense of the term. But Kipling did not always see fit to temper his enthusiasms with discretion, and to refer to the then Queen as "the little old widow of Windsor" was not just the right way to smooth the path to throwing over his own shoulders the mantle of Tennyson.

• • •

While on this subject we may add that there are no more indications today than there were ten years ago that Rudyard Kipling will eventually be knighted, or, as more ambitious persons have suggested, elevated to the British peerage as Baron Rottingdean. The list of English men of letters who have received official recognition is still comparatively small. There are several English peers who have contributed more or less to literature, but with one or two exceptions they were either peers, or in the line of becoming peers before they began to write. Even those authors who have achieved knighthood owe it as a rule to services other than purely literary services. Sidney Colvin became Sir Sidney Colvin because of his long work in



ALFRED NOYES

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THE LATE H. PEYTON STEGER

the British Museum, a national institution. Sir Sidney Lee was knighted for his *Biography of Queen Victoria;* and Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, not as the creator of Sherlock Holmes, but because of his defence of the government as embodied in *The Great Boer War.* Services to the government are said also to be the cause of the recognition of Sir William Robertson Nicol. Quiller-Couch is Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch, and we don't know why. Thomas Hardy is plain Mr. Hardy, but he has received the Order of Merit, which is rather more important than mere knighthood.

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An Omission

For the use of the sketch of Terre's Tavern, the inspiration of Thackeray's famous "Ballad of the Bouillebaisse," which was printed on page 594 of our February issue, we are indebted to the courtesy of Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons, the publishers of the Kensington Thackeray. The sketch was drawn from a photograph especially made for that edition.

• • •

O. Henry's Biographer

In the present issue we had planned to present the first of the series of papers announced in our January number entitled "Chapters in the Life of a Literary Soldier of Fortune." These papers were being written by Mr. H. Peyton Steger, the late Sidney Porter's literary executor and official biographer. But early in January Mr. Steger himself died, at the early age of thirty years, and it has taken his literary executors some time to find out the condition of his uncompleted work. Consequently the first instalment of the O. Henry reminiscences does not appear here. The series will, however, we hope, appear in THE BOOKMAN later in the year, finished by another hand than that of Harry Peyton Steger.

• • •

The writer of these paragraphs knew Mr. Steger for many years, but had never realised what an extraordinarily varied life his had been. The thirty short years were rich with incident. He was born in Moscow, Tennessee, and passed his childhood there and in Bonham, Texas. At the age of fifteen he entered the University of Texas. There he was president of the Sophomore class, business manager of the University magazine, editor of the University newspaper, and editor-in-chief of the University annual. He was Fellow in Greek and Latin, and was graduated with an M.A. degree for a metrical translation of *The Wasps* of Aristophanes. After teaching for a year he went to Johns Hopkins University to study Sanscrit, having passed his examination for the Rhodes Scholarship. While in Baltimore he received word that the scholarship beginning in 1905 had been awarded him and he immediately went to England, entering Balliol College, Oxford. There he became president of the Arnold Literary Society,

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and contributed to the Oxford *Periodical*. During this time he travelled extensively on the Continent.

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For a time, while staying in Germany, Mr. Steger wrote for the *Koelner Zeitung,* of Cologne, and lectured before an organisation of business men in Bonn am Rhein on "Texas Niggers and Cotton." After leaving Oxford, he began journalism in earnest and became connected with the London *Express*. He did considerable independent writing, and was sent to Monte Carlo by the newspaper, "where," said Steger once to a friend, "I got arrested by the Italian army, or most of it, for constructing a wind whistle on a rock in the Mediterranean." He lived for a season in Toynbee Hall, a Whitechapel settlement in the London slums, serving the London relief committee as a parochial visitor. It

REPRODUCTION OF THE COVER OF THE DUTCH EDITION OF HENRY SYDNOR HARRISON'S "QUEED"

THE CREATOR OF ARSÈNE LUPIN (MAURICE LEBLANC) AT HIS FRENCH CHATEAU

was a bitter winter, thousands of men were out of employment, and the young student saw something of the grinding of "the wheel" where it grinds most cruelly. Articles describing his observations in the London slums were published in English, German and American magazines. Then he undertook a new experiment in sociological studies. He wanted to know something about life from the tramp's point of view. Accordingly he became a tramp. He walked two hundred and fifty miles, going from Queensboro to London, with no means of any kind. He was dependent on "backdoor handouts" for his food, and slept in parks or under haylofts or in rural barns, spending not a cent for anything during his entire "tramp." He realised some financial gain from his experiment, in addition to the experience, for he wrote a series of articles for magazines narrating the personal adventures of a hobo.

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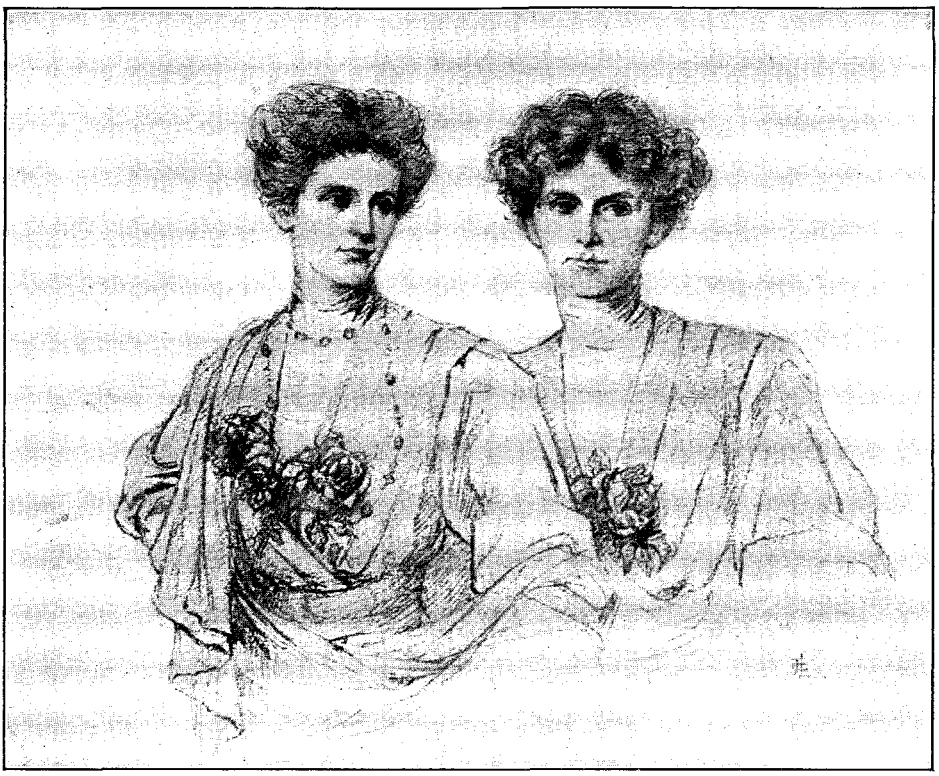

From a Sketch by Lady Jane Lindsay

JANE H. FINDLATER MARY W. FINDLATER

The Findlater Sisters

It is not unfair to Miss Jane H. Findlater and Miss Mary Findlater to say that a good deal of the American interest in them has grown out of their collaboration with Kate Douglas Wiggin. But years before the publication of *The Affair at the Inn* both of the sisters had won literary recognition in Scotland. Miss Jane H. Findlater's *The Green Graves of Balgowrie* appeared in 1896 and just missed being a great success. The sisters are the daughters of the Rev. Eric Findlater, who was a Free-Church minister, as Ian MacLaren once was, in a remote village in Perthshire, Scotland. Their mother was the author of *Hymns from the Land of Luther* and of various translations from the German. In addition to *The Green Graves of Balgowrie* and *The Affair at the Inn,* Miss Jane Findlater has written *A Daughter of Strife, Rachel, the Story of a Mother, Stones from a Glass House,* and *The Ladder to the Stars;* and *Tales that are Told* and *Crossriggs,* the last two in collaboration with Mary Findlater.

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"Saved by Parcel Post"

The Dutch Treat Club is an organisation composed of artists, illustrators, editors, novelists, dramatists, poets, sculptors and newspaper men in New York City. It is a luncheon club where every man, of course, pays for his own luncheon, treating being forbidden. Every year the club gives a dinner at one of New York's restaurants or hotels. At this time "the no treat" clause in the club's elastic by-laws is suspended and guests are invited.

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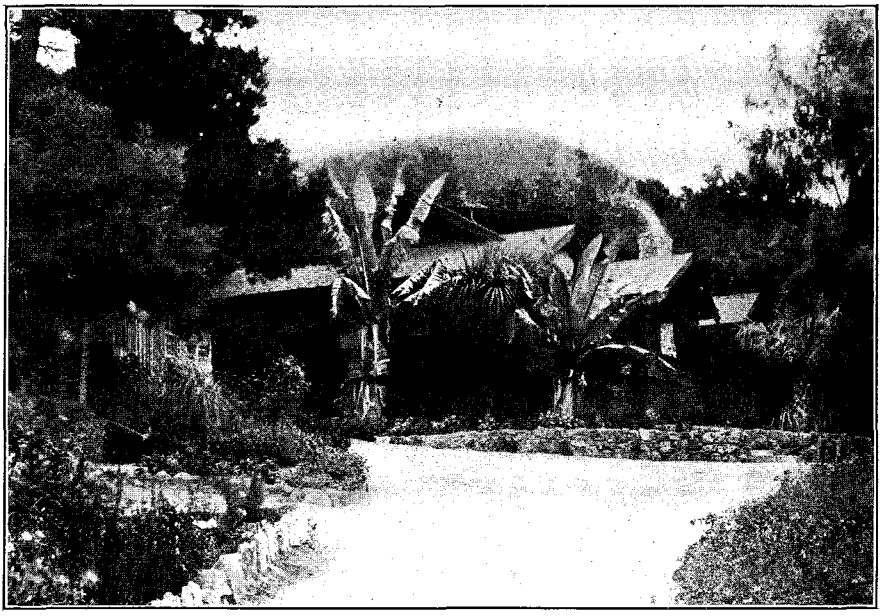

HARRY LEON WILSON'S CALIFORNIA BUNGALOW

For the entertainment of these guests and the members themselves, an entertainment is provided something like the Jinks of the Bohemian Club of San Francisco. This year the dinner was held February 19th and the entertainment took the form of a moving-picture melodrama, in which a number of the mem- of the club played the parts.

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SAVED BY PARCEL POST
OR
THE BILLIONAIRE BABY

A Moving Picture Burlesque produced by The Dutch Treat Club during their banquet at Delmonico's, February 19th.

CAST OF CHARACTERS

The Three Gunmen:
Charles Dana Gibson
Will Irwin
John Wolcott Adams

The Four Poets:
James Montgomery Flagg
Julian Street
Charles Hanson Towne
Burgess Johnson

The Villain — Rupert Hughes

The Nurse, The Bartender — George Barr McCutcheon

The Baby — Wallace Irwin

The Postman, The Messenger Boy — Tom Masson

The Lady Editor — Compton McKenzie

The Newsboy — Langhorne Gibson

SAVED BY PARCEL POST
OR
THE BILLIONAIRE BABY
BY
JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG AND RUPERT HUGHES

Scene opens in the Fritz-Carlton, a low dive. Four poets are discovered hungry and thirsty. In the background sit the villain and three gunmen, drinking and plotting. A newsboy enters, is held up by the gunmen and robbed of his pennies. The poets search their pockets and finally unearth a penny, with which they buy a newspaper. With heads together they scan each page for stray gems of poetry, but discover instead an advertisement of the *Bust Beautiful Woman's Magazine,* offering a prize of $50,000 for the best poem submitted within twenty-four hours. Poets fall desperately to work writing, to the intense disgust of the gunmen.

Dicky Le Ginny Hen decides he cannot

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SAVED BY THE PARCEL POST. IN THE FRITZ-CARLTON, A LOW EAST SIDE DIVE. FIFTY THOUSAND DOLLARS FOR A POEM. BARTENDER (GEORGE BARR MC CUTCHEON), GUNMEN (JOHN WOLCOTT ADAMS, CHARLES DANA GIBSON, AND WILL IRWIN), VILLAIN (RUPERT HUGHES), POETS (JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG, BURGESS JOHNSON, CHARLES HANSON TOWNE, AND JULIAN STREET).

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SAVED BY THE PARCEL POST. VILLAINY IN THE ASCENDANT. FROM LEFT TO RIGHT: BURGESS JOHNSON, JULIAN STREET, RUPERT HUGHES, CHARLES DANA GIBSON, WILL IRWIN, CHARLES HANSON TOWNE, JOHN WOLCOTT ADAMS, JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG, GEORGE BARR MC CUTCHEON, AND WALLACE IRWIN.

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SAVED BY THE PARCEL POST. UNCLE SAM TO THE RESCUE. THE LAW MUST TAKE ITS COURSE. FROM LEFT TO RIGHT: *JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG, GEORGE* BARR MC CUTCHEON, CHARLES HANSON TOWNE, WALLACE IRWIN, JULIAN STREET, RUPERT HUGHES, CHARLES DANA GIBSON, BURGESS JOHNSON, TOM MASSON, WILL IRWIN, AND JOHN WOLCOTT ADAMS.

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work in such vile surroundings. He will find inspiration in the woods and fields!

The next scene finds him strolling dreamily over the Palisades. Nature, however, fails to provide the necessary inspiration. Suddenly he notes a nurse wheeling a two hundred pound baby in a specially built carriage. Richard falls in love with the nurse at once.

His love brings in its train the longed-for inspiration. He scribbles, hurriedly, the wonderful words that pour from his enraptured heart.

Returning to the Fritz-Carlton, he boasts of his conquest, his poem, and his certain victory in the competition. The other poets, realising the poem is far superior to anything they might do themselves, try to take it from him, but he escapes.

In the next scene he returns to the nurse and finishes the poem. Other poets are on his trail. In despair he searches frantically for some safe place to hide the priceless child of his brain. A brilliant idea comes to him. He will place the poem in the jacket of the baby. No sooner thought of than the deed is done. The nurse flees with the child. The poets dash upon the scene, capture Dicky, and lash his manly form to a tree. Then begins a period of torture to compel the brave hero to reveal the secret hiding place. It is only when one friend begins pulling out his precious hair that he weakens. He tells them where the papers are, but their courage is not equal to the feat of facing the nurse and child.

They bargain for the services of the gunmen. It is decided, with their help, to kidnap the only son and heir to John D. Rotensmeller. Cleverly the conspirators stalk their prey until at last they are cornered, and Dicky, seeing his dream of triumph shattered, collapses upon the arm of the nurse. But help is at hand. At the moment when it seems all too true that villainy will triumph, the child rises up in his wrath and lays poets and gunmen senseless at his feet with dull though soundless thuds from his manly fists.

They take refuge in flight, with the conspirators clinging remorselessly to their trail. Brought to bay at last, before a United States Parcel Post Box Dicky, brilliantly resourceful to the end, produces just the right quantity of stamps from his pocket, sticks them on the baby's nose, writes the address of the *Bust Beautiful Magazine* on his forehead, deposits him in the box, and turns to face the baffled conspirators with a sweet smile of calm content.

Into their midst pushes a United States Postman. His duty is plain. With a wide gesture that expresses all the majesty of the powerful department behind him, he waves them to one side and disappears with the child.

The final scene opens in the office of the *Bust Beautiful Woman's Magazine*. Enter postman and his charge. With a graceful gesture the baby places the precious Manuscript in the lady editor's hand. Dicky enters and stands shyly awaiting her decision. Behind him the perfidious poets and the disgruntled gunmen take their places. There is a moment of nerve-racking suspense as each scans the face of the arbitress of their poetic destinies. Quickly the expression of interest on the lady's face gives place to one of ecstatic joy as she grasps the deep significance of the literary gem before her. From her desk she takes a huge bundle of greenbacks, counts out fifty thousand one dollar bills, and places them in the trembling hands of Dicky. The conspirators fall prostrate upon their faces, and Dicky, his loved one, and the baby march triumphantly forth over their supine bodies.

CURTAIN

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Miss Robins's Critics

In England, where it appears under the title *Where Are You Going To?*, Miss Robins's *My Little Sister* seems to be receiving an unusual amount of both endorsement and censure. Mr. Clement K. Shorter rather flippantly suggests that the title reminds him of the tract that is frequently placed in one's hands in the neighbourhood of evangelical mission halls, but concedes that the tract "is incorporated in a singularly interesting and powerful novel, with one situation of appalling dramatic strength." Mr. Shorter goes to the astonishing lengths of demolishing the book on the ground

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that "her tract treats of the white slave traffic—but it comes some months too late." His argument seems utterly trivial because there is nothing to show that the action of the story is supposed to have taken place this week or last. As a matter of fact the tale was probably begun long before the passage in England of the new White Slave Act. To quote Mr. Shorter:

> Miss Robins describes the life of two young girls in the country in a sheltered home. They go to London to visit an aunt. They are met at the railway station by a well-dressed woman with a motor car and liveried footmen, who carry them off to a house of infamous reputation. Here the story becomes painful and horrible, but one asks one's self—is it true? I have said that Miss Robins has written her book too late. She admits that the police knew that the owner of the motor car was a woman of bad character, but that they had no power to stop her. The new White Slave Act gives the police this power, so that nothing could have happened at this present moment in exactly the same way as it is made to happen in Miss Robins's book. Moreover, has anything happened quite as bad as this in the annals of the undeniably cruel and wicked crimes that have taken place in the past? Some few months ago I read in a newspaper a story on these lines: A lady with two little girls entered one of our great drapery emporiums, leaving them outside. While she was shopping a woman dressed as a nurse came up to the children and told them that they had got to go to their mother, who was ill. She put them into a motor car, and they were never heard of again. This story, or stories akin to it, had been told, I believe, on many platforms. Is there any truth in them? A friend of mine who has read every line of the evidence brought before the parliamentary commission to inquire into the white slave traffic, tells me that there were no cases brought before that commission in which children of the well-to-do classes have been decoyed in this manner.

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In view of this discussion we reprint the following letter from Miss Robins herself to the editor of one of the leading New York dailies, and should prove of interest to our readers:

DEAR SIR:

I have lived too long away from my own country to know whether the editors here, as abroad, are likely to print a letter from the author of a mere work of fiction among more important news. I draw a bow at a venture then to tell your critic of *My Little Sister* that, though the fact of any given incident in a story being true has little enough bearing on the artistic truth of the story—the incident to which he takes exception on the score of unlikelihood is not only true, but appallingly close to the commonplace. I carried the story to a London Magistrate for him to pick flaws in. He said: this is the precise tragedy which befell the daughters of an intimate friend of my wife's—only in that case neither of the two girls have been heard of "since." I took the story to various London Police Stations. No Chief of Police wasted a moment in doubting the facts—the most horrible of them were an old story. I write away from my note-books and reference files, but as well as I can remember, when the Home Secretary was asked a question on this subject in the House of Commons a few months ago, he answered that in the London police jurisdiction *alone* there had been reported lost and never heard of again, fifty-three girls within the past year.

I am, Sir,
Yours truly,
(Signed) ELIZABETH ROBINS.

• • •

A Uniform Gilbert Parker

Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons are bringing out a uniform edition of the works of Sir Gilbert Parker in eighteen volumes, eight of which have already come from the press. The books are appearing in the following order:

I. Pierre and his People.
II. A Romany of the Snows.
III. Northern Lights.
IV. Mrs. Falchion.
V. Cumner's Son.
VI. When Valmond Came to Pontiac, etc.

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VII. The Pomp of the Lavilettes, etc.
VIII. The Trespasser, etc.
IX. The Seats of the Mighty.
X. The Battle of the Strong.
XI. The Lane that Had No Turning.
XII. The Right of Way.
XIII. Michel and Angele, etc.
XIV. Donovan Pasha.
XV. The Weavers, Vol. I.
XVI. The Weavers, Vol. II.
XVII. A Lover's Diary.
XVIII. The Judgment House.

• • •

Now the only fault we have to find with Sir Gilbert Parker's introduction to the new edition is that, with very few exceptions, they are not long enough. We have always felt that established authors have been missing an opportunity in not following the method of Alphonse Daudet when he wrote "The Story of My Books." In Sir Gilbert Parker's case we wish that there was more like the following, which is part of the Introduction to *When Valmond Came to Pontiac:*

The manuscript of the book was complete within four weeks. It possessed me. I wrote night and day. There were times when I went to bed and, unable to sleep, I would get up at two o'clock or three o'clock in the morning and write till breakfast time. A couple of hours' walk after breakfast, and I would write again until nearly two o'clock. Then luncheon; afterward a couple of hours in the open air, and I would again write till eight o'clock in the evening. The world was shut out. I moved in a dream. The book was begun at Hot Springs, in Virginia, in the annex to the old Hot Springs Hotel. I could not write in the hotel itself, so I went to the annex, and in the big building—in the early springtime—I worked night and day. There was no one else in the place except the old negro caretaker and his wife. Four-fifths of the book was written in three weeks there. Then I went to New York, and at the Lotus Club, where I had a room, I finished it—but not quite. There were a few pages of the book to do when I went for my walk in Fifth Avenue one afternoon. I could not shake the thing off, the last pages demanded to be written. The sermon which the old Curé was preaching on Valmond's death was running in my head. I could not continue my walk. Then and there I stepped into the Windsor Hotel, which I was passing, and asked if there was a stenographer at liberty. There was. In the stenographer's office of the Windsor Hotel, with the life of a caravanserai buzzing around me, I dictated the last few pages of *When Valmond Came to Pontiac.* It was practically my only experience of dictation of fiction. I had never been able to do it, and have not been able to do it since, and I am glad that it is so, for I should have a fear of being led into mere rhetoric. It did not, however, seem to matter with this book. It wrote itself anywhere. The proofs of the first quarter of the book were in my hands before I had finished writing the last quarter.

• • •

After Jules Verne

In place of the Reform Club of London the Police Headquarters of New York City, in place of Phineas Fogg, the imperturbable, and his faithful Passepartout, Connie Binhart, in place of the detective who followed Fogg round the world, the grim and implacable Blake, in place of a journey from London through the Suez Canal, India, China, across the Pacific, across the States, and back to London, a zigzag journey from New York to Canada, to Chicago, to Denver, to New Orleans, to San Francisco, round the world, to South America, and finally back to New York—in a word, upon the same large lines, in place of Jules Verne's *Tour of the World in Eighty Days* Mr. Arthur Stringer's *The Shadow.* Now this is written in no disparagement of Mr. Stringer's book or his methods. As a matter of fact, he is to be commended for his selection of an idea which is common property, which has been comparatively neglected, and which in the hands of an adroit writing man—which Mr. Stringer is—is almost certain to provide a good story. *The Shadow* is that.

• • •

Some day we are going to pay our very definite respects to the literary publicity

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agent who has become a very decided factor in the modern publishing house. When you find a really good literary publicity agent, you find a man of unquestioned talent. Such a man was the late H. Peyton Steger, of whom mention is made elsewhere in these columns. Another was Mr. I. F. Marcosson, who forsook the field a few years ago to join the staff of the Munsey publications. The makings of a great literary publicity agent went to the making of an astonish-

WHERE G. K. C. DOES NOT SHINE. A DRAWING BY MR. CHESTERTON

ingly energetic magazine editor in the person of Mr. Robert H. Davis. We do not know who the author of the following publicity note is, but it seems so good that we are reprinting it just as it stands:

Arthur Stringer, the author of *The Shadow,* once sold a Paris publisher the foreign rights to one of his underworld stories. A few weeks later Stringer received a letter from the translator complaining that certain phrases in the story were not in any of the *Bibliotheque Nationale* dictionaries and requesting a brief explanation of such expressions as "lush-dip," "an also-ran," "keister-cracker," "yeggman," "up against it," and "cuff-shooter," and a word or two as to why safe-breakers carried "soup" about with them in bottles. The author began conscientiously dictating his explanations. He plunged right into etymology, ambled about the field of high explosives, wandered off into explicit explanations of horse racing and criminal practices, added a paragraph or two enlarging on the history of underworld argot in general, reverted to an elucidation of strictly local conditions, floundered into a digression on the criminal's adoption of the picturesque metaphor, and finally dictated a cablegram to Paris. It was brief and read as follows: "Kindly cancel rights to Stringer story. Cheque returned by mail."

• • •

Sources of Inspiration

In many ways the association of the names of Hilaire Belloc and G. K. Chesterton is likely to attract attention. For *The Green Overcoat* Mr. Belloc has supplied the text and Mr. Chesterton the illustrations. We should say that in writing the story of Professor Higginson and the strange series of misadventures which grew out of his yielding to the temptation to borrow temporarily another man's overcoat, Mr. Belloc has drawn a decided inspiration from his collaborator. The story is Chestertonian in its whimsicality and topsy-turviness. But we should hate to hold any one responsible for being the inspiration for Mr. Chesterton's drawings.

• • •

Slightly in Error

The *Trinity University Review,* of Toronto, Canada, in its issue for January of this year, printed an article on "Forgery and Plagiarism in Literature," which begins with the following allusion to a paper that recently appeared in our columns:

The death of Mr. H. C. Bunner, one of the first editors of the Yankee humorous journal *Puck,* inspired the New York BOOKMAN of December to publish his review of an alleged new volume of poems by Swinburne

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with copious extracts which hit off exactly the English poet's style and would have sent his admirers to the book stalls for the work had not Bunner confessed that it was all his own invention.

As Henry Cuyler Bunner died in 1896 the inspiration seems to have been somewhat belated.

• • •

F. P. A. Endorses

In our January issue we called attention to a publisher's announcement pointing out that Mr. A. S. M. Hutchinson had certain points in common with William Makepeace Thackeray, Samuel Taylor Coleridge and John Keats. Like the first, he was born in India; like the second, he once had military ambitions; and like the third, he studied medicine. We expressed our unwillingness to endorse Mr. Hutchinson as a Thackeray, a Keats, or a Coleridge merely on these facts. Since writing that paragraph we have read *The Happy Warrior,* and are quite ready to go on record as regarding it as a very good story indeed, just as whimsical and entertaining as the same author's earlier book, *Once Aboard the Lugger.* F. P. A., who conducts a widely read column in a New York evening newspaper, has also apparently been impressed by that publisher's note.

• • •

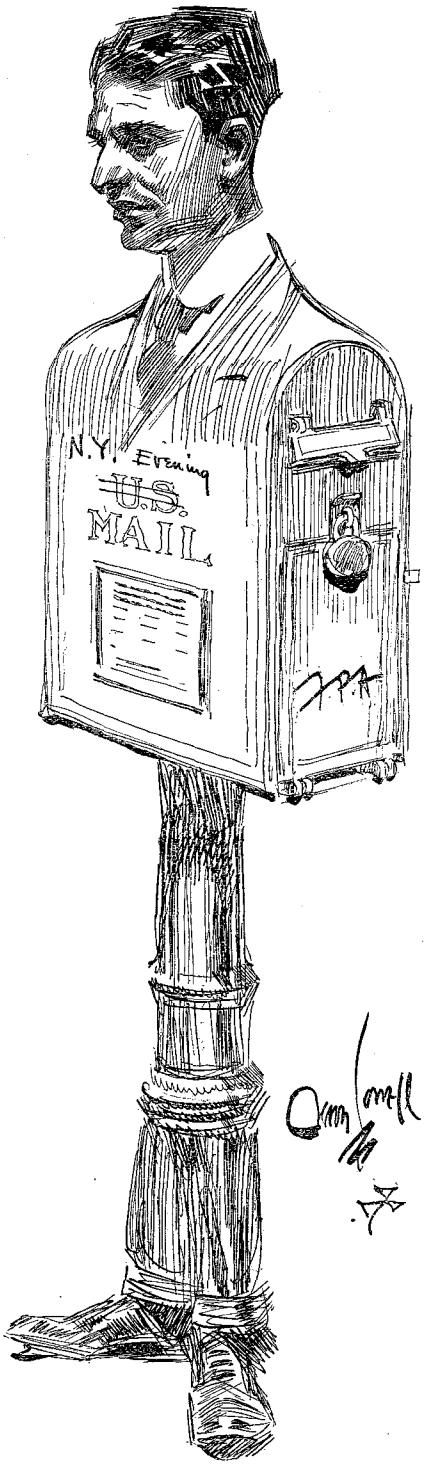
ON EMULATION

[Like Thackeray, he was born in India; like Keats, he studied medicine for a time, and, like Coleridge, there was a period when he had soldierly ambitions.—Publisher's note about A. S. M. Hutchinson, author of *The Happy Warrior.*]

Like Finley Peter Dunne, I lamped the light
Of morning in Chicago, Illinois;
And yet the spanless distance from his height
Is just as great as when I was a boy.

Like H. G. Wells, I once engaged in trade;
Like him I went and married me a wife;
A parsnip for the difference that made!
I never wrote a novel in my life.

Like T. Carlyle, I find it hard to sleep;
I'm no misogynist—neither was Moore;



F. P. A. SKETCHED BY ORSON LOWELL

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Like Hood, I suffer sailing o'er the deep—
  Yet nil the dent I make in Litrachoor.

Like Chesterton, I'm tardy with my stuff;
  Like Poe, I do not like to work for long;
Yet all I do is this Façade of Fluff.
  * * * * *
  There must be something radically wrong.

• • •

To Wilkie Collins

Elsewhere in this issue will be found a paper "Some Unpublished Letters of Wilkie Collins," being part of the correspondence of the author of *The Woman in White* with the American poet, Paul H. Hayne, edited by the latter's son. In connection with this paper we should like to recall here Mr. William H. Hayne's "In Memory of Wilkie Collins," which appeared just after Mr. Collins's death in 1889.

He wove for us the subtlest plots,
  And oft with him our fancy strayed,
Until there seemed a throbbing pulse
  In every pen-stroke that he made.

And now his genial heart is still—
  The frost of silence films his pen,
And he has passed with toil-worn feet
  To secrets far beyond our ken.

Yet I believe that kindly Death
  Reserved for him a welcoming shade—
It seems so natural for his soul
  To meet a mystery unafraid.

• • •

Concerning Irvin Cobb

While we are not yet ready to concede to Mr. Irvin S. Cobb the place that has lately been claimed for him by some of his more enthusiastic admirers, we do not question the fact that he must be regarded rather seriously. He is still a young man, and, in the natural course of events, should have many years' more activity. Therefore, his achievement, which up to the present time has been considerable, is of secondary importance. What counts is what he may eventually accomplish. Then, while regarding his admirers as somewhat extravagant, it is impossible not to be a little impressed by what they profess to think of him. For example, one cannot entirely ignore a little pamphlet entitled *Who's Cobb and Why,* written by Mr. Robert H. Davis. Now Mr. Davis's opinion may have been somewhat influenced by personal friendship, or by his liking for the particular flavour of Mr. Cobb's stories. But we can't forget that during the last ten years Mr. Davis has probably read, or at least accepted and rejected, more fiction than any other editor on earth. To Irvin Cobb he pays the following extraordinary tribute:

After Bret Harte died, many stories were written by San Franciscans who knew him when he first put in an appearance on the Pacific Coast. One contemporary described minutely how Bret would come silently up the stairs of the old *Alta* office, glide down the dingy hallway through the exchange room, and seat himself at the now historic desk. It took Bret fifteen minutes to sharpen a lead pencil, one hour for sober reflection, and three hours to write a one-stick paragraph, after which he would carefully tear it up, gaze out of the window down the Golden Gate, and go home.

He repeated this formula the following day, and at the end of the week succeeded in turning out three or four sticks which he considered fit to print. In later years, after fame had sought him out and presented him with a fur-lined overcoat, which I am bound to say Bret knew how to wear, the files of the *Alta* were ransacked for the pearls he had dropped in his youth. A few gems were identified—a very few. Beside this entire printed collection the *New England Primer* would have looked like a set of encyclopediæ. Bret worked slowly, methodically, brilliantly, and is an imperishable figure in American letters.

Returning to Cobb: He has already written twenty times more than Bret Harte turned out during his entire career. He has made more people laugh and written better short stories. He has all of Harte's subtle and delicate feeling, and will, if he is spared, write better novels about the people of to-day than Bret Harte, with all his genius and imagination, wrote around the Pioneers. I know of no single instance where one man has shown such fecundity

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and quality as Irvin Cobb has so far evinced, and it is my opinion that his complete works at fifty will contain more good humour, more good short stories, and at least one bigger novel than the works of any other single contemporaneous figure.

• • •

Now this is lavish praise indeed, so lavish that we are inclined to shy from it. There have been men in the history of the writing of books to merit it. But as yet we hesitate to endorse it in the case of Mr. Irvin Cobb. We have in mind one particular story by Mr. Cobb about which Mr. Davis's opinion is not our opinion. That story is called "Fishhead." "Fishhead," according to Mr. Cobb, is the best horror story he has ever written, and yet it was the one manuscript that he was unable to sell until the *Cavalier* printed it as a so-called "daring experiment" in its issue of January 11th. With the story appeared the letters of a number of magazine editors to whom it had been sent, who had admired it for its qualities, but had feared to print it, for, as one of them wrote: "I like red blood stories, but our readers are not educated up to raw beef—yet." Mr. Davis's comments leave little room for doubt that he regards "Fishhead" as one of the great short stories of the world, and one of the great horror stories of all time. That is just one of the reasons why we hesitate to accept Mr. Davis's judgment.

• • •

Now "Fishhead" is a good story—there is not any doubt about that. But it is not a great story, and it is not even a big horror story if we gauge such a story by the thrill it inspires. As a matter of fact, on that basis, the world has not produced very many great horror stories. Poe in America, and Guy de Maupassant in France, are regarded as the masters of that type of tale. But how many of Poe's stories inspire in a reader the feeling of actual terror? The mere quality of the story does not count. For example, take Poe's "The Fall of the House of Usher" and Conan Doyle's "The Adventure of the Speckled Band." Poe's tale is literature, and Doyle's is not. Poe's tale is art from the first line to the last, and Doyle's tale is a crude, illogical and slovenly written narrative. Yet the most impressionable reader is not likely to derive from "The Fall of the House of Usher" more than a passing thrill, while the most hardened reader cannot go through "The Adventure of the Speckled Band" for the first time without a positive creeping of the flesh. The reason is that with Poe the high key is struck at the beginning and maintained throughout. The warning of impending horror neutralises the final effect. And Mr. Cobb's "Fishhead" is neither "The House of Usher" in its quality, nor "The Speckled Band" in its thrill.

• • •

But just another little quotation from Mr. Davis's *Who's Cobb and Why.*

For those who wish to know something of his personal side, I can do no better than to record his remarks to a stranger who, in my presence, asked Irvin Cobb, without knowing to whom he was speaking, what kind of a person Cobb was.

"Well, to be perfectly frank with you," replied the Paducah prodigy, "Cobb is related to my wife by marriage, and if you don't object to a brief sketch, with all the technicalities eliminated, I should say that in appearance he is rather bulky, standing six feet high, not especially beautiful, a light roan in colour, with a black mane. His figure is undecided, but might be called bunchy in places. He belongs to several clubs, including The Yonkers Pressing Club and The Park Hill Democratic Marching Club, and has always, like his father, who was a Confederate soldier, voted the Democratic ticket. He has had one wife and one child and still has them. In religion he is an Innocent Bystander."

Could anything be fuller than this?

• • •

Judith's Memoirs

Victor Hugo, Alexandre Dumas (father and son), Alfred de Musset, George Sand, Théophile Gautier—these are the familiar literary figures whom we meet in *My Autobiography,* by the famous Madame Judith of the Comédie Fran-

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çaise. In one respect at least the book is an unusual book. It does not contain anything that changes opinions already formed about these men and women, but in these pages are to be found impressions and anecdotes that sound surprisingly new. For example, we had supposed that every story about the elder Dumas had been told and retold so often that it would be comparatively familiar to all. Yet here are two yarns that come to us, at least, as entire strangers. The first has to do with Dumas's astonishing popularity.

There was a story current in my time of a singular wager made by Méry of Marseilles. Walking one day in some public garden with a friend, he suddenly said to him:

"Do you see that big, ridiculous-looking fellow? I bet you a hundred sous that if I kick him, no matter where, instead of flying into a rage, he will make me a polite bow."

The bet was taken, and Méry, creeping stealthily up behind Monsieur Prud'homme, gave him a tremendous kick in the small of his back. The man turned red with indignation, but Méry cried—

"Oh, I beg your pardon, sir, I took you for Alexander Dumas, with whom I have an account to settle."

His victim, only too proud to be taken for such a great man, at once relented, and, taking off his hat in the most amiable manner, he said, with a bow—

"There is no harm done, Monsieur."

The hundred sous were won!

• • •

On another occasion Dumas, returning home of an evening with two friends whom he had invited to dine, was surprised to hear talking and laughing within. In answer to an inquiry, his servants said that some of Dumas's relatives had arrived, and as he was not at home they had sat down at the table without ceremony. To Dumas's mystification, the servant went on to explain that these relatives came from the Island. The novelist threw open the dining-room door, revealing, seated round the snow-white cloth, a party of negroes as black as can be imagined. He was received with a frenzy of acclamation that resembled war cries, and in the twinkling of an eye he found himself surrounded by a swarm of black men, women and children.

• • •

And through it all rose, repeated cries of "Cousin! Cousin! good morning cousin. Cousin Lixandre! Cousin Dimas! We've come from San Domingo to see our dear cousin. We all very pleased to see our cousin."

Then some of the elder ones tried to explain what relationship they bore to the great writer.

"I," said one, "am the nephew of your grandmother, who made the Marquis de la Pailleterie so happy."

"And I," cried another, "am Polycarp, son of Anastasius," and, pointing to some of the others, he went on, "Those are my children and grandchildren. That's Ignatius, that's Serephina. There are Boniface, Annunciation, Concephon, Pulcheria and Timoleon."

They then tried to explain to Dumas how they had come to France. An American Barnum had brought them to take part in a kind of pantomime founded on the history of Toussaint-Louverture. The Yankee manager was going to make the tour of Europe with them, and they were to perform at fairs in all the towns through which they passed.

• • •

Dumas was in perplexity. He did not feel any particular family affection for all these African monkeys, but what could he do? He decided, like a true philosopher, that it would be best to beat a retreat. The announcement of his intention was received with protesting cries by the blacks, who assured him they would come to breakfast again the next morning. Dumas left them revelling at his board and went out to think up a scheme for getting rid of them. Walking along the Boulevard he happened to pass a travelling circus in which there were two big, black bears under the direction of their tamer. The way of escape was found. He waited till the show was over, and then made the owner of the wild beasts the most extraordinary proposal he had ever received, for he

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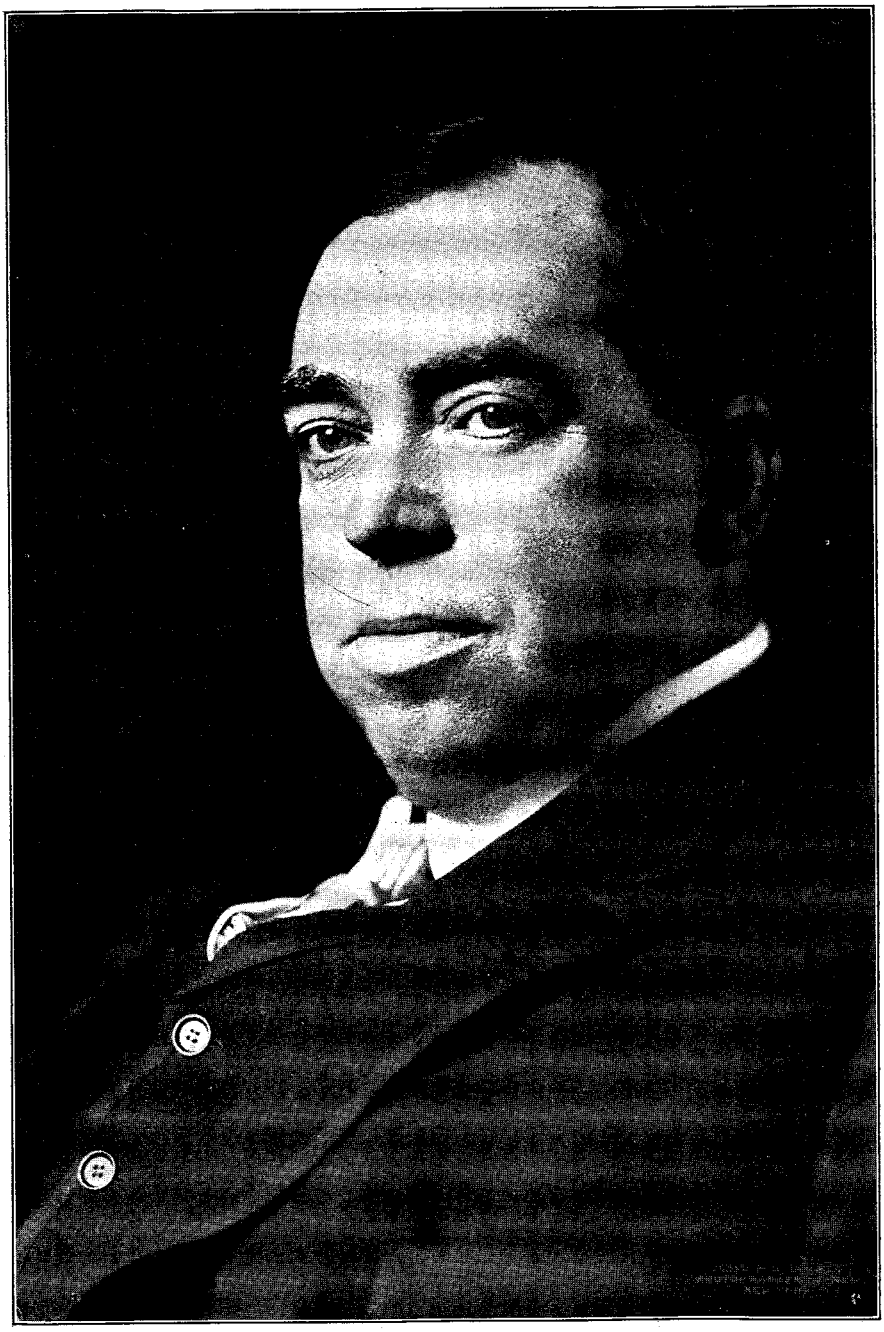

IRVIN S. COBB

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asked him to take the two bears to his rooms, the address of which he gave, and let them loose in the dining-room.

The negroes duly arrived, and the cousin not being there to welcome them, made their way, as they had done the evening before, straight to the dining-room. They were received with terrifying growls. Whatever could those growls mean? The little black boys and girls, who had crossed the threshold, stopped short and, turning tail, butted into their parents, who were pushing in behind them, screaming hard enough to arouse the whole quarter. The two huge monsters, sitting up on their hind legs, stared at the intruders with their little red eyes, uttering fresh growls as they opened their great mouths full of formidable teeth.

MADAME JUDITH

The negroes and negresses tried to quiet the children, and gazed alternately at the two shaggy creatures and the well-garnished board, hesitating whether to advance or to retire. They would have liked to do the former, but they dared not.

Suddenly one of the two bears got up, and came on all fours to sniff at them. Then ensued an awful panic. The whole negro horde rushed precipitately out of the house, and banging the door after them, ran away yelling as if thirty-six thousand devils were pursuing them.

Dumas heard, a few hours later, of the success of his stratagem, and since then he has had no further news of his relations from San Domingo.

• • •

It is not an attractive portrait that Madame Judith draws of George Sand. She fails to understand the passion of Alfred de Musset. She found the novelist very ugly and fat, though she concedes her the possession of fine black eyes.

She had very slovenly habits. Her hair, which retained its brown colour, was as greasy as that of a wandering gypsy. She dressed very badly, her bodices being shabby and her cloaks threadbare. It must be admitted, however, that her personal economy was very much to her credit, for she denied herself for the sake of her children or for the poor, whose wants she liberally supplied. But whatever may have been her mental qualities, she certainly had no feminine graces in her external appearance. She was in fact like what is vulgarly called a "toby jug." And to these disadvantages were added a masculine voice, a martial gait and bold blunt manners. Nature certainly made a mistake in her case, for she ought to have been a man.

It is quite possible that in her scrutiny the eyes of the actress were sharpened by malice. For she recalls a certain occasion when a play by George Sand was put on at the Comédie Français.

At the first representation I happened to be in a box, as a spectator, next to one from which George Sand herself was looking on. She noticed me, and said to her friends in a very loud voice, "There's Judith! she's the most mediocre actress I know."

"You shall pay for that before you die," I said to myself.

Between the acts we met each other behind the scenes, and, making her a very formal bow, I said to her, "If you want to talk of anything mediocre, madame, there's *Comme il vous plaira!*"

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She flounced angrily away without answering a word. The laugh was on my side now.

• • •

Needless to say there was very little love lost between Judith and her great rival, Rachel Felix, and numerous are the passages at arms between the two narrated in the *Autobiography*. Naturally from these pages, the honours of the frequent encounters would seem to have usually rested with Judith. For it is Judith's *Autobiography*. Yet with creditable candour, she has recounted at least one episode where the greater popularity of the other woman led to her own crushing defeat. But there was one occasion on which Judith drew a very clever distinction. She was discussing terms with an impressario who wished to secure her services but thought she asked too much. Finally he lost patience. "Ah, you are like Rachel," he said. "It is easy to see that you are both Jewesses." "I beg your pardon," was Judith's retort. "There is a great difference between us. Rachel is a Jew, and I am only a Jewess."

• • •

In 1845 the Boulevard du Temple was the heart of the theatrical world of Paris. In the ten theatres that lined that comparatively short thoroughfare so much blood was shed on the stage every evening at the popular plays that it was known as the Boulevard du Crime.

The audience became so passionately devoted to some of the characters interpreted for their pleasure that they sometimes showed quite fierce hostility to the actors who had to take parts inimical to them. One night, for instance, Briand, who had represented Hudson Lowe in a scene on the island of St. Helena when Napoleon was imprisoned there, was seized by some roughs as he left the theatre and flung into the basin of the Chateau d'Eau. This quite delighted him, and he gloated over it as a triumph when he was telling the tragi-comic incident the next day.

• • •

The period in which Judith lived presents few more pathetic figures than that of Marie Duplessis, the real heroine of the younger Dumas's *La Dame aux Camelias*. Chance brought Judith into interesting relations with that unusual woman. The actress, playing at the Variétés, was suddenly taken ill, and fainted away in full view of the audience. When she began her recovery a splendid bouquet was brought to her every day. The person who brought it was a lady who did not give her name and would not enter the house. The servant described her as very beautiful, and apparently belonging to the higher social ranks. She was Marie Duplessis.

There was an extraordinary charm about her. She was very slight, almost too thin; but, oh, so refined looking, so marvellously graceful; her face was of an angelic oval shape, her large dark eyes were full of seductive melancholy, her complexion was dazzling, and her hair, that resembled masses of black silk, was perfectly magnificent.

She talked about Dumas and the great musician Liszt, who were both friends of hers, and we discussed theatrical matters. She was very intellectual, and her conversasation was most captivating. As soon as I was able to go out I went to return her call.

She lived on the Boulevard de la Madeleine, nearly opposite to the church of the same name, as if she wished to place herself under the protection of the saint, who, before she consecrated her life to God, had trafficked in her beauty.

She showed me over her rooms, which were full of the scent of flowers, for it was not true, as people used to say, that she only cared for those without smell. She loved them all, and it was just a whim of Dumas's imagination to say that camelias alone appealed to her.

• • •

"Jimmy"

We claim Whistler as our own by virtue of his American birth, parentage, and ancestry. But in Paris, where he studied under Gleyre, did much of his best work, and was closely identified with the modern movement, he has always been re-

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"HOMMAGE À DELACROIX"

FANTIN-LATOUR
L. CORDIER
LEGROS
MANET
BALLEROY
BRACQUEMOND
WHISTLER
CHAMPFLEURY
DURANTY
FANTIN
BAUDELAIRE

garded as virtually a French artist. This fact is interestingly illustrated by the picture, "Homage à Delacroix," which we reproduce from the late John Lafarge's "The Higher Life in Art." It also illustrates Whistler's extraordinary capacity for achieving first place in any company he frequented. Fantin-Latour painted the picture, but did he reserve for himself the most prominent position in it? No. He is, to be sure, in the front row, but he is modestly seated and has all the air of an innocent onlooker at his own performance. It is the same with Baudelaire. The poet was Delacroix's staunchest champion during the great fight between romanticism and classicism which was waged over that artist's work. But he also sits quietly by in the very corner of the picture with a slightly bored expression, as if he were only mildly interested in the proceedings, which distracted him from the composition of some new *Fleur du Mal.*

• • •

No French painter of the second half of the nineteenth century acquired greater notoriety than Edouard Manet through the startling innovation of his painting methods. In a sense he carried on the tradition of Delacroix as an ardent revolutionary. As such, he rightly comes closer to the centre of interest. But although he stands against the framed portrait of Delacroix on its easel, in the manner of a heraldic supporter, he is by no means the principal figure in the composition. This place is reserved for the irrepressible "Jimmy," who, a model of slender, frock-coated elegance, and completely at ease, assumes a complacent, proprietary attitude as if he were in some way responsible for the fame of Delacroix, and were sole master of ceremonies on an occasion arranged by himself more or less for his own benefit. We recall the story of Whistler's retort when told that he and Velasquez were the two greatest painters the world had ever known: "Why lug in Velasquez?" Here he looks as if he were

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thinking: "Why lug in Delacroix?" Still, as he did not paint the picture himself, it is perhaps unfair in the present instance to charge him with this excess of egoism. Among the other artists in the group are Legros, the naturalised English etcher of whom Mr. Cleveland Palmer spoke in his article on "Some Modern English Etchers" in last month's issue of THE BOOKMAN, and Bracquemond, the great virtuoso of tones and surface textures, of whom he will speak in his article on French etchers in the April number.

A NOTE ON FIONA MACLEOD*

BY BURTON BANCROFT

WILLIAM SHARP was a literary journalist of the higher sort, a man of a distinct talent, who nevertheless failed to impress his generation strongly; Fiona Macleod, though a minor poet, exerted a strong if undeniably narrow appeal. The poet at least has her secure place in the minor choir on the strength of her proper achievement; yet it is astonishing how greatly her importance is magnified by the fact of her identity with a lesser writer. The striking outward sign of this augmented significance is the collected edition of the writings of William Sharp, now completed by the books published in his lifetime over his own name. Though there is some admirable work in them, it is scarcely conceivable that any one would have regarded these later volumes as worthy by themselves of such dignity; and even Fiona Macleod might easily have missed this final seal of permanence. The collected edition is a monument to the dual personality of the author, more alluring to the curious than his works.

If the man is thus to survive his writings, perhaps the *Biography* by Mrs. Sharp, now reprinted in two convenient volumes, may in the end prove to be the most valuable component of the uniform edition. An admirable work it is, clear and sympathetic, palpably honest, setting forth the facts with no apparent attempt to mould them to a theory. Mrs. Sharp has the tact and judgment of the good biographer; never thrusting herself into the picture, she allows her subject to interpret himself, as far as may be, through letters and diaries. The necessary narrative connection is supplied with discreet candour. The book impresses one on a second reading as a model of this simpler form of biography.

The subject is, of course, a happy one. Quite apart from the interest of the psychological "case," William Sharp was a person of vivid and engaging qualities. The pages of the *Biography* show him, particularly in his earlier days, as the friendliest of men, full of enthusiasm and high spirits. Stories are told of his wringing cheques from hardened, reluctant publishers by sheer force of his exuberant optimism, of his binding with ties of life-long friendship strangers met by chance. Big, blond, handsome, a Viking in appearance and stature, his disposition seemed to the casual acquaintance as sunny as his face. That his buoyant cheerfulness alternated with moods of brooding depression, which became commoner and more prolonged as he grew older, should surprise no one who knows the type. Norse though he was in appearance—an inheritance from a Swedish ancestor—he was Celt through and through. The Celtic strain of mysticism, always present in him, developed until it became predominant and gave direction to all his work.

Mrs. Sharp makes it clear that there

*The Works of William Sharp (Fiona Macleod); a collected edition, in twelve volumes. William Sharp: a Memoir. By Elizabeth A. Sharp. New York: Duffield and Company.

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was in him from childhood the tendency which in the end brought about the almost total separation of his two selves. She does not blink the pathological suggestion. Nevertheless, her story shows Sharp as by no means the unwilling victim of an abnormal psychic state. Partly by accident, he found himself developing into two distinct fields the kinds of literary work undertaken as the result on the one hand of his loftier ambitions and on the other of the necessities of a livelihood. Two differing moods associated themselves with the two kinds of work. Once having assumed the name Fiona Macleod, he was more and more inclined to ascribe to her all his work that seemed to him of value. Mrs. Sharp relates that in his later years such occasional books as were put out under his own name were so published largely in order to account for himself before his friends, and so preserve Fiona's disguise. *She* became to him a refuge from the world; *she* offered him the chance he craved to indulge the dreamer in himself—the feminine dreamer that is perhaps in all of us, but that lives more vividly in the Celt than in most. Doubtless he thus approached in time very close to the condition known to physicians and psychologists as dissociation of personality; yet his case was apparently not "typical," from the medical point of view. In neither state was there, for example, the amnesia that marks the complete dissociation of personality observed in the classic cases recorded in medical literature. Doubtless Sharp frequently attained, in the Fiona Macleod mood, a state of mystic exaltation in which there was forgetfulness of his ordinary life; but this was temporary, not co-existent with the Fiona mood, not separated from another state by any climax.

But if Sharp does not present to us a typical case of dissociation, according to medical criteria, his interest is no less for those who care for the infinite possibilities of variation in human personality. There is the stuff of drama in his life as revealed to us both in his works and in his biography—an active, passionate soul, divided against itself, fleeing from a sense of partial defeat to a mystical state which was purposefully cultivated. Not perhaps a towering genius, but a most human, appealing man, who will live in history, like unhappy Chatterton, far beyond his work.

MORSE'S PORTRAIT OF BRYANT

BY ANNIE NATHAN MEYER

THE portrait of William Cullen Bryant which is here reproduced for the first time is the property of the National Academy of Design, and was exhibited February 7th and 8th of this year at the Union League Club, of New York, on the occasion of the Club's fiftieth anniversary.

It was painted by Samuel F. B. Morse, who, had he not been the discoverer of telegraphy, would be known as the most admirable portraitist of his period.

Even on the same walls that show portraits by Henri, Alden Weir and Sargent, this quiet, deeply poetic and interpretative portrait with its fine colour, its simple strength, and complete sincerity compels admiration.

At the time it was painted—in 1829—Morse was the first President of the three-year-old, insurgent society, the National Academy of Design. Its first exhibition had taken place in a room in the second story of an ordinary sized house on the southwest corner of Broadway and Reade Street, New York. After dark the room was lighted by three two-light gas burners, six lights for the whole exhibition. The President had his hands

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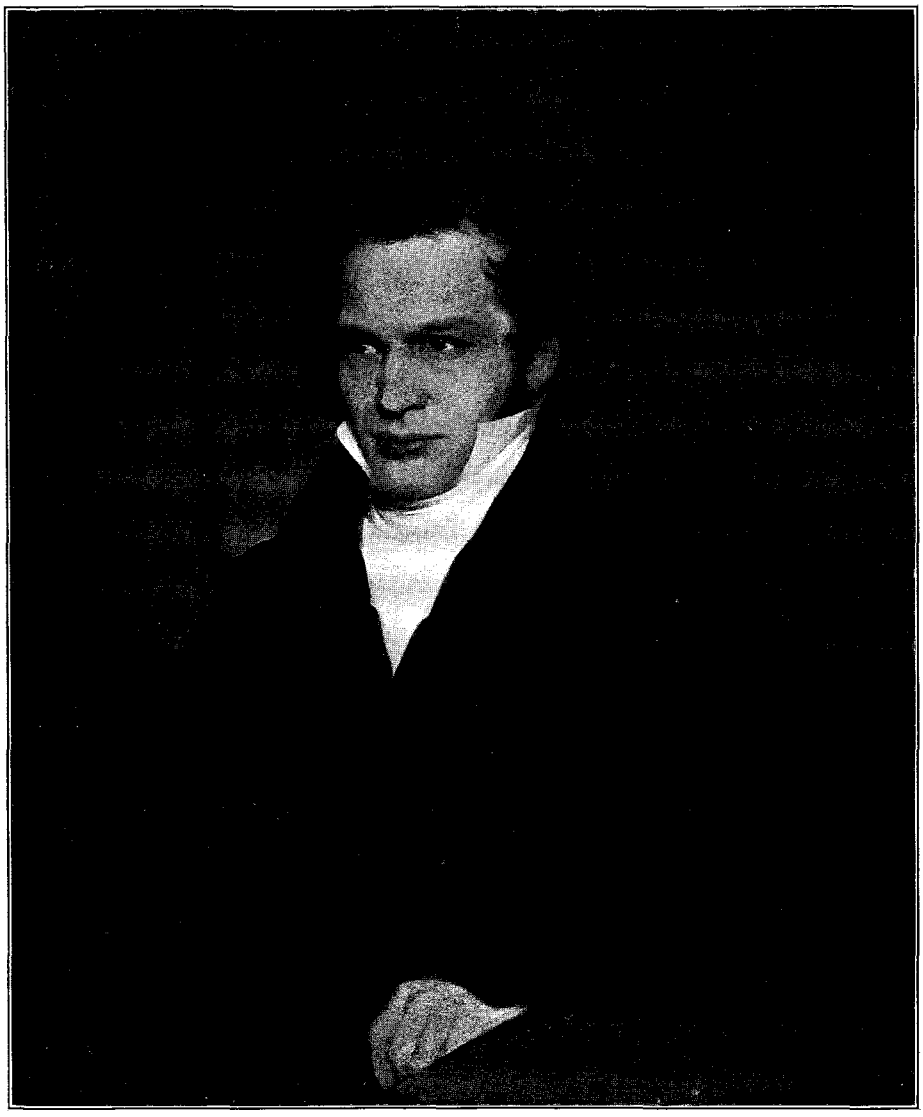

SAMUEL F. B. MORSE'S PORTRAIT OF WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT

full, for the old conservative group of artists that formed the American Academy of Fine Arts, and of which Trumbull was president, did not relish the secession. Letters full of recrimination and vituperation passed to and fro in the papers at the time.

As Morse left for his second trip to Europe in November, 1829, this portrait must have been painted earlier in the year, very likely at the time when Bryant was giving his lectures to the students of the Academy on the subject of Mythology.

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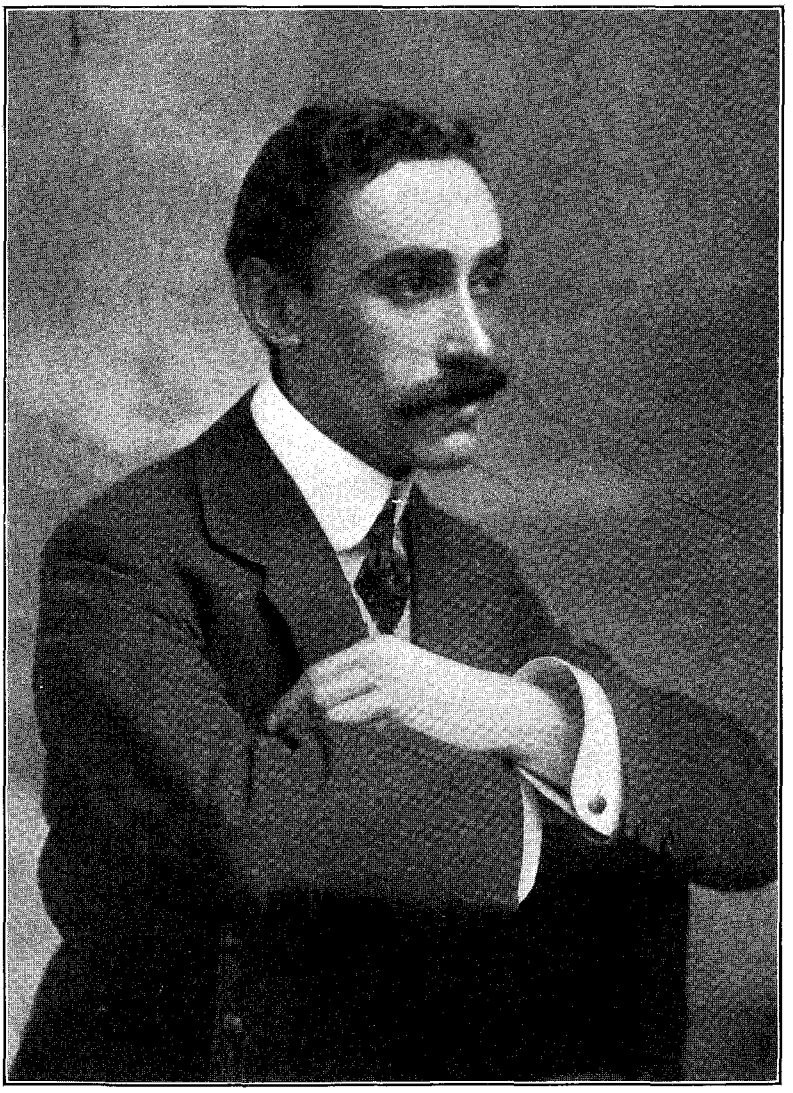
IMPRESSIONS OF LEONARD MERRICK

IN TWO PARTS. PART I

BY ARTHUR BARTLETT MAURICE

I

WHATEVER may be to-day the dimensions of Leonard Merrick's American following, it is a following which he owes neither to exploitation nor to intimidation. As yet his books have had no extensive *réclame,* nor has anything happened to circulate widely the impression that not to have read them means to be out of touch with a literary movement of the hour. He is not even a new writer. For some years his stories have



LEONARD MERRICK

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been accessible in England, where they have had the highest appreciation from certain critics, and a comparatively limited circle of readers. They seem to have found their way into this country, not from England direct, but by the way of the Continent. A travelling American discovers one of them in a Tauchnitz Edition and tells other Americans of his find. Of course there have been occasional critical articles which have had their effect. Mr. Howells, for example, wrote one a few years ago which left no doubt of his admiration. But in the main Mr. Merrick owes his growing American popularity to personal endorsement. It may be that four or five men are sitting about a table in a club, or in the smoking room of a transatlantic liner, or as many women lounging in easy chairs on a hotel veranda. The scene is quite immaterial. Some one will ask the question: "Have you read Leonard Merrick?" If this brings any response at all it will be instantaneous. "And then you remember *Conrad in Quest of His Youth* and that scene in *The Position of Peggy*—and what delicious irony there is in *The Bishop's Comedy*—and do you recall the day that Tricotrin spent in London? —and then an earnest if more or less awkward attempt to outline the plot of this particular tale or that for the listener's benefit.

In a general way one might sum up the present American audience of Leonard Merrick by saying that it is much like the present English audience of O. Henry. The impression that the stories of the late Sidney Porter have made on the English reading public as a whole is not a great one. British librarians are not overworked on account of the call for his books. But here and there in London you will find a discriminating Englishman who has had a taste of O. Henry and who is hungry for more; who corners you if you are an American, in the hopes of extracting some new bit of information about the man and his work; who delights in retailing the yarns about Central America or Texas or "Little Old Bagdad on the Subway"—sometimes the British mind achieves astonishing results with these tales—to all whom he can persuade to listen. Nothing could be much more dissimilar than the stories of Porter and Merrick, and yet in conversation you will constantly find the two names linked and their work compared. Unquestionably the American had by far the greater and more original talent. But there are times when the Englishman is the better artist. Neither has brought the short story to the astounding brevity achieved by Guy de Maupassant, whose best known tale, "The Necklace," is just twelve hundred words in length and yet cannot be outlined verbally by the most economical narrator in less than twice the space, recalling Mark Twain's tribute to Mr. Howells that in trying to rewrite one of Howells's sentences of sixty-eight words he never could manage to condense it to less than seventy-four. Neither Porter nor Merrick has ever strained after condensation, and their work is the freer and more natural for that reason. Both have achieved much and of both it may be said that the recognition accorded them may eventually be wider, but can never be more sincere. Yet until that recognition is as wide as it should reasonably be, the only fair spirit in which to approach their work is that of outspoken appreciation. Hence the rambling tone of these impressions.

II

If you have read the books of Leonard Merrick there is nothing in the outline of his career that will be likely to surprise. He was born in London, and he was destined for the Bar. Quite a number of his young heroes were in the same case. His father encountered financial reverses, and the son at an early age was forced to face the grim realities of life. That is another familiar phase of his stories. At the age of eighteen he went to South Africa, where he worked first superintending the labours of Zulus and Kaffirs in the diamond mines, and later in the local courthouse. If you have read "The Lady and the Laurels" and

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other stories of the same setting you are somehow perfectly conscious of this period of his existence. Then he went to Kimberley, worked in a solicitor's office for nearly two years, began writing, and finally, at the age of twenty-one, drifted back to England for Grub Street and to "go on the stage." He had no theatrical connections or acquaintances, and for that reason was so much the better qualified to write about the adventures of the heroes of his two most important novels of theatrical life, *The Position of Peggy* and *The Actor Manager*.

Ostensibly *The Position of Peggy* is the story of Christopher Tatham, whose father dies suddenly, leaving an estate of practically nothing at all, and who, forced to leave Oxford abruptly, decides to try his fortunes on the stage. How he struggles in his sordid surroundings, how he tries his hand at comedies which no one will produce, how he writes a third-rate melodrama which he sells outright for fifteen pounds, and which earns thirty thousand pounds for the astute manager who buys it, how he falls in and out of love with the heroine—these are comparatively unimportant details. The big impression which the book leaves is in the character of Peggy Harper. When we meet her first she is a vulgar, illiterate little actress in her teens, the daughter of an equally illiterate and vulgar stage mother. There is nothing essentially bad in Peggy. The stage has brought no apparent taint. She is an actress by mere chance. She might have been an assistant in a tobacconist's shop like the girl in Kipling's "The Finest Story in the World." But chance and heredity have sent her to the stage, and being utterly devoid of talent, the future seems to hold nothing for her except intermittent engagements at two pounds or less a week, or marriage with the equally impecunious Christopher. The fact that Tatham is a playwright inspires occasional false hopes in Peggy and her mother:

"I say," she exclaimed happily on another occasion, "you'll be able to get me a shop! If Ross takes the piece, mind you tell him he's to give me an engagement in it."

"Yes, write a good part for Peggy," chuckled her mother. "And don't forget Ma! What's the use of having an author in the family if he doesn't pull wire for us? What I want is a part like 'Lady Twombley,' so now you know. I'll make your piece a success for you!" Then, as she saw his embarrassment, "I'm only joking," she laughed. "Think you're talking to an amateur? Don't I know you can't shape your play to suit everybody?"

But three months before Peggy Harper is to become Mrs. Christopher Tatham, the transformation comes. A clever producing playwright sees Peggy and is impressed. He does not overrate in the least her ability or her intelligence. But there is a part to be played for which she is neither too stout nor too tall, and her voice has some pleasant notes in it. So with infinite skill and patience he takes the doll and teaches it to dance. Every finger that she is to lift he shows her; every step that she is to stir. The play falls flat, but the marionette is exalted. When we take leave of her Peggy Harper is a celebrity, engaged to marry a lord, and she is complacently serene in the belief that her success is due entirely to her own native genius.

More than half of the audience were drawn to the Piccadilly by their curiosity to witness the performance of "the winsome English maiden" whose natural talent had swept her to theatrical fame direct from the "class-room of a fashionable boarding-school"—variously stated to have been in Hanover, Paris, and Eastbourne. A paragraph, under "Prominent Persons," described Onslow's discovery of her—"As the favourite of the school finished her recitation, the famous actor-manager turned to his companion, saying, 'That child is destined to be one of the greatest actresses of our time.'" And the editor of *Mother and Girls* begged for the privilege of including her views among "other notable Englishwomen's" upon the Female Suffrage movement. Not being quite sure what it was, and appreciating the

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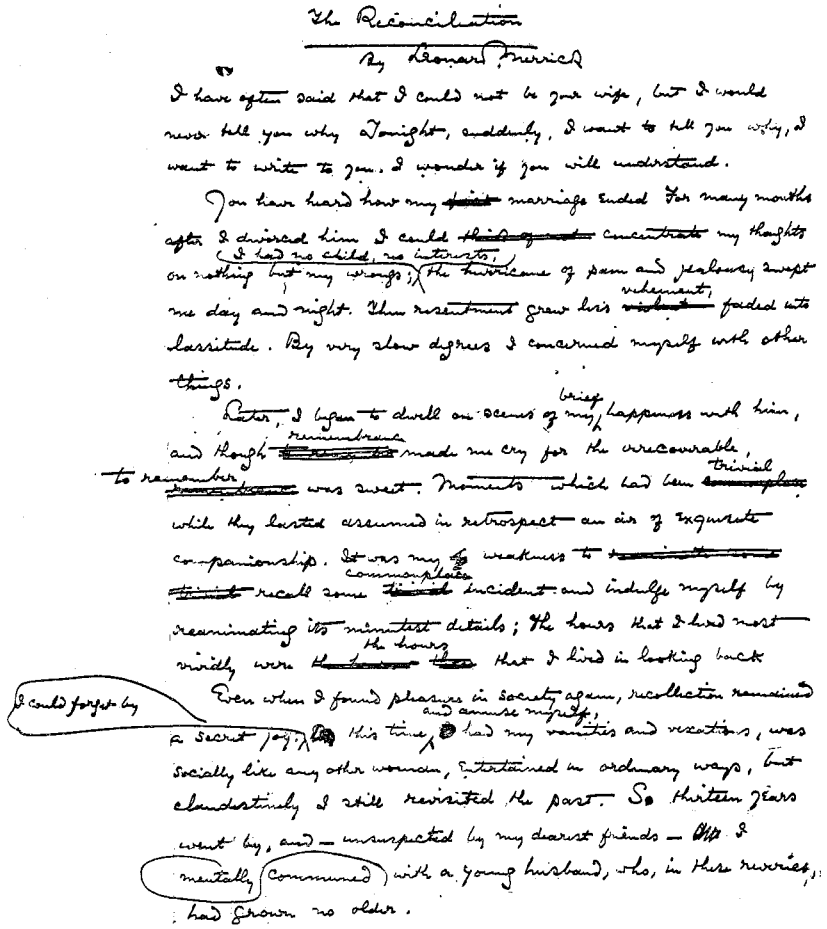

The Reconciliation

By Leonard Merrick

I have often said that I could not be your wife, but I would never tell you why. Tonight, suddenly, I want to tell you why, I want to write to you. I wonder if you will understand.

You have heard how my first marriage ended. For many months after I divorced him I could not concentrate my thoughts on nothing but my wrongs; (I had no child, no interests;) the hurricane of pain and jealousy swept me day and night. The resentment grew less violent, faded into lassitude. By very slow degrees I concerned myself with other things.

Later, I began to dwell on scenes of my brief happiness with him, and though remembrance made me cry for the irrecoverable, to remember was sweet. Moments which had been commonplace, trivial while they lasted assumed in retrospect an air of exquisite companionship. It was my weakness to contemplate recall some incident and indulge myself by reanimating its minutest details; the hours that I lived most vividly were the hours that I lived in looking back.

Even when I found pleasure in society again, recollection remained a secret joy. (I could forget by this time,) and amuse myself, I had my vanities and vexations, was socially like any other woman, entertained in ordinary ways, but clandestinely I still revisited the past. So thirteen years went by, and — unsuspected by my dearest friends — Oh! I mentally communed with a young husband, who, in these reveries, had grown no older.

FACSIMILE OF LEONARD MERRICK'S MANUSCRIPT

value of an additional advertisement, she was harassed, until her mother came to her aid. "Miss Peggy Harper, the gifted young actress at the Piccadilly Theatre," wrote: "My time is far too much occupied by my work for me to trouble my head about such matters." And readers could divine the gifted young actress's weary smile as she thought of the women whose less momentous pursuits allowed them leisure for such frivolities.

A fine study Peggy Harper, and a fine study Blanche Ellerton.

III

Like *The Position of Peggy, The Actor Manager* is ostensibly the story of its hero, but again it is the woman we remember, the woman who dominates from the moment of her first appearance until the very end. Unlike Peggy Harper, Blanche Ellerton possesses real dramatic talent, and a certain amount of intelligence. Even in the early days of her privations she is several grades higher in the social scale than the other woman. Her father is a kind of English Delobelle, a self-styled man of letters, who has never achieved anything, and who is barely contemptuously tolerant of the literary labours of his wife on which the family depend for its support. Blanche Ellerton marries Royce Olyphant, persuades him to become an actor-manager

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financed by his best friend, and finally runs away with that friend. While it is difficult to find adequate extenuating circumstances for her behaviour it must be confessed that Olyphant is just a bit of a prig.

But in *The Actor-Manager, The Position of Peggy,* and the last half of *Conrad in Quest of His Youth* the story does not count so much. Above all it's the marvellous atmosphere of the stage. Not the glamour of the stage, but its sordid realities, its disappointments, its grim tragedies. You feel that Leonard Merrick loves these strolling players, that their life has been his life, and their sufferings his sufferings, but he does not hesitate to lay bare their vanities and foibles. He gives you a glimpse of the rehearsal, the arrival of the principals, the "villain" telling a funny incident of the leading lady, who laughs without having grasped the joke, because his salary is understood to be thirty pounds a week and because she believes that her laugh is her strong point. He shows the women squabbling, the men grumbling irritably, and finally, a little man with a hopeless expression, creeping down into the footlights carrying a roll of manuscript—he is the author. Then he portrays for you the vicissitudes of the players on tour in the Provinces and takes you to the lodging houses patronised by "professional" people, where the landlady is invariably addressed as "Ma" and expresses her willingness to serve "a bit of something hot in the evening when you come back from the show." Ma, too, has her troubles.

"Good business!" said Miss Lascelles. "In some places you 'get it hot' if you ask for it."

"By rights some places shouldn't take professionals," returned Mrs. Cheney. "I've 'eard many tales. Miss Chamberlain—her on the mantelpiece—was telling me that where she was in Brighton they wouldn't allow her to have her uncle in to see her. Such a quiet, ladylike gal, too!"

"Can such things be?" cried Rosalone. "Is a poor girl to be cut off from her own flesh and blood because she's in diggings?"

"Ah, I don't wonder at your asking!" said Mrs. Cheney. "Not, mind you," she added, "but what letting lodgings over a number of years makes one a bit suspicious of uncles. I've known a gentleman brought to these very rooms after the show on three different Monday evenings as the uncle of three different young ladies. And dreadful taken aback he was when he see me each time!"

Then Mr. Merrick takes you behind the scenes of the provincial theatre, shows you the actors peering out front through a hole in the curtain and realising with sinking hearts the emptiness of the house. To them that emptiness means unpaid salaries and a stranded company. To add to burdens already heavy the scenery does not arrive and they are obliged to present a Turkish play against a cloth purporting to show Hyde Park Corner. It was no faithful representation of Hyde Park Corner, but it was still less like a Mosque, and no wonder that Miss Jimman, who was to appear in her Turkish trousers, was more or less disgruntled. Even when the final blow falls and these poor strolling players find themselves confronted with absolute penury Leonard Merrick still shows them as children, pliant in the hands of the lying manager, who tosses them a few cheap compliments.

IV

Seventy years ago Henry Murger wrote the *Vie de Bohême.* "Say of it what you will," said Jules Janin, "the book remains a first chapter in the code of life." The present writer hopes that you read Murger's book at twenty. If you did you laughed immoderately over the grand fête at which, for the entertainment of the guests, Colline recited the story of his first loves, while Schaunard accompanied him upon the piano; and over the discomfiture of the indiscreet landlord who came to ask for his rent. You dropped more than one tear in the course of that book, and if you yourself happened to be afflicted with the *cacoethes scribendi,* you very probably wrote ingenuous little tales in that note of imitation which is the sincerest of flattery.

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A sorry figure of a man that Henri Murger if we are to credit the portraits of him that have come down to us, but what a poem of ardent youth he gave us in that book!

Then, almost half a century later, George du Maurier drew another picture of the Latin Quarter of Paris that was to strike a note in the hearts of two continents. "As flagrant a violation of reality and verisimilitude as Murger's *Vie de Bohême,*" wrote one critic of *Trilby*. One can be quite convinced of the soundness of that critic's verdict, and at the same time feel profoundly sorry for the critic. Of course these books were "violations of reality and verisimilitude." Of course the real Bohemia has never been poetic and has always been sordid. Of course the honest grocer on the corner and the landlord who paid his taxes were quite right in their opinions that Schaunard, Marcel, Colline, and Rodolphe were little better than scamps. Judge fiction and its men and women by standards of strict morality and countless heroes disappear. Athos, Porthos, Aramis, and d'Artagnan become bloodthirsty bullies, the subsidised "gunmen," "Hooligans," or "Apaches" of a less scrupulous age; the Black Knight, not the boon companion and model of chivalry of Scott's novel, but the real Richard of history, cruel, rapacious, and ungrateful. Under unsympathetic analysis William Bagot is a self-centred little snob, Taffy Wynne a good deal of a bore, and Trilby O'Ferrell a person of whose morals the less said the better. And Mr. Merrick's Tricotrin and his comrades are worse than Mr. Du Maurier's so-called heroes, and quite as bad as Murger's four. One cannot find a great deal to say in commendation of the manner of their living—except that they never really existed, as Marcel, Schaunard, Rodolphe, and Colline never existed, as Taffy and Little Billee never existed—they all belong to the country of illusion. But come to the country of illusion if you want to make the acquaintance of Tricotrin, the most delightful Bohemian of the last two decades!

Tricotrin lives up six flights of stairs in an attic of Montmartre. He is a poet whose poems are unprinted, just as his friend Pitou is a musician whose music is never played, as his friend Flamant is a painter whose pictures are never sold or exhibited, and as his friend Lajeunie is a playwright whose pieces are never produced. Tricotrin has an uncle in the Provinces—a silk manufacturer of Lyons—who wishes the young man to embark in trade. That is what Tricotrin will eventually do, but in the meantime he prefers to remain in his attic, dining on a herring, flaunting his long hair and his shabby clothes on the boulevards, and building fine dreams of fortune and renown. In his latest incarnation Tricotrin is in the brief enjoyment of a little prosperity. He is contributing to a newly established paper in a remote town a weekly letter of Paris theatrical life. Dining on his herring in Montmartre his imagination has free play. In his opinions of performances he discreetly agrees with the *Figaro,* but in his paragraphs he "sups" and "chats" with all sorts of prominent people. His invisible telephone is a fountain of perpetual inspiration. "Why," he confides, "to-morrow Yvette Guilbert is going to ring me up the moment she returns from London, to tell me her professional worries and beg for my advice. As she will be prostrated by the journey, I am not sure but that, 'yielding to her entreaties,' I may even 'jump into an auto taxi and take pot luck in her delightful home'."

But of course one day the editor of the remote newspaper decides to visit Paris, and suggests that Tricotrin introduce him to some of the celebrities of literature and the stage. The poet, at his wit's ends, calls upon his friends for help. They respond nobly, all except Lajeunie, who selfishly refuses to shave his head in order that Tricotrin may introduce him to the visiting editor as Edmond Rostand. Without attempting to tell the story it may be said that Tricotrin's honour is saved, and that M.

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Blotto returns to Montbonne delighted and impressed.

V

A story involving Tricotrin and Pitou, though told from the point of view of a third party, is "The Tragedy of a Comic Song." A young Frenchman in a restaurant weeps at a comic song. He confides that it is the tragedy of his life, and goes on to tell of Paulette Fleury. With Paulette both Tricotrin and Pitou fall madly in love. They will write the words and music of a song to make her famous, and when she comes to choose between them the loser will accept her verdict bravely. The collaboration is crowned with triumph. Singing "Partant pour le Moulin" Paulette becomes the attraction of the Ambassadeurs. Tricotrin and Pitou, delirious with joy, go to call on Paulette and find her not at home. What had happened! "There was a noodle, rich—what you call a 'Johnnie in the Stalls'—who became infatuated with her. She had married him," her lovers were told it at the door.

> Far down the street, but yet distinct, the organ revived the tune again. My Frenchman shuddered, and got up.
>
> "I cannot bear it," he murmured. "You understand? The associations are too pathetic."
>
> "They must be harrowing," I said. "Before you go, there is one thing I should like to ask you, if I may. Have I had the honour of meeting Monsieur Tricotrin, or Monsieur Pitou?"
>
> He stroked his hat, and gazed at me in sad surprise. "Oh, but neither, monsieur," he groaned. "The associations are much more 'arrowing than that—I was the 'Johnnie in the Stalls!'"

Suggestive of "The Tragedy of a Comic Song"—though not a Tricotrin story—is "The Suicides of the Rue Sombre." Tournicquot, the clown, is in love with Lucrèce, the snake charmer, who will have none of him. Resolved that his death shall not be marred by the element of humour, he buys a rope and finds his way at dusk into a deserted house in the Rue Sombre. He is just in time to cut down another intending suicide. But instead of showing gratitude the other man curses Tournicquot for a meddlesome idiot, threatens to punch his head, and give him his charge as a trespasser. His anger waxes when he perceives the second rope and realises the purpose for which Tournicquot himself has come. He is somewhat appeased when he learns that their disgust with life comes from the same cause—a woman, but queries "Cannot you desert her?" Tournicquot explains that on the contrary he pines for her, and offering a conciliatory cigarette goes on to explain that the object of his affections is a woman of high principle, who will not break her devoted husband's heart. Of course the second suicide turns out to be Lucrèce's husband, and joyously the two repair to a restaurant to plan a marital rearrangement which shall make every one happy. But over the third bottle of wine the husband's confidences begin to make Tournicquot uncomfortable, and when he learns of the snakes that curl up under the nuptial bolster he is seized with rigid moral scruples. He resolves that he will be a man and live his love down, and leaves his infuriated comrade crying, "What then is to become of *me?* Insolent poltroon—you have even destroyed my rope."

Then there is the "Judgment of Paris." Two comedians are in love. The object of their affections cannot decide, but says she will accept the one who best plays a tragic part. Now as all comedians on the stage believe that they were created for tragic rôles, the two are delighted and welcome the test. But neither can find a manager to give him a chance. Finally there comes to one of them a stroke of luck. To his rooms one night comes a visitor, who proves to be M. de Paris, the public executioner. He confides that he is about to retire from his profession and live for the rest of his life on his savings. But he has accepted an invitation to address a scientific society in Rouen and, innured as he is to scenes of terror and bloodshed, he

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trembles like a child at the idea of facing his new audience. Will the actor undertake to instruct him in elocution and delivery? A bargain is struck and the lessons begin. Then the actor has an idea. "Do they know you in Rouen?—have they ever seen you?" The executioner replies that he is going among absolute strangers. "Then I will take your place. You will tell me of your experiences and I will go to Rouen and deliver your lecture as M. de Paris.

The scheme is triumphantly carried out. The false M. de Paris spares no horror in his anecdotes of the guillotine and his audience thrills with shuddering ecstasy. As he is leaving the hall he is approached by a footman. "My master, the Baron So-and-So, heard you to-night and was delighted. He wishes you to do him the honour of calling at his house in order that he may ask you a few questions. Will you enter this carriage?" Five minutes later the equipage stops before a splendid dwelling. The actor is ushered into an anteroom, where he is received by an over servant. "The Baron will be with you at once, but meanwhile he wishes you to drink of this wine, which has been in his cellars for a hundred years. Enter the Baron. "M. de Paris, I was enchanted with your address to-night and I thank you. But I want to ask you a question. Among those you guillotined was a certain M. Phillipe. Do you recall him?" "Ah, yes, the handsome young blond." "Exactly. But you executed an innocent man." "Ah, but they all say that." "But I know, for he was my son. I have sworn to avenge him, and I have done so. The wine was poisoned." A terrible moment for the false executioner. But the Baron tears off his wig, disclosing a well-known countenance. "After all, comrade," he cries, "which is the greater, the one who deceives the audience or the one who deceives the actor?"

* * *

The modern revival of etching had its beginnings in France, and the development of the art has everywhere been influenced and quickened in a decisive fashion by the work and ideas of its great French exponents from 1830 to 1860. Indeed, had it not been for such masters as Daubigny, Rousseau, and Corot, in landscape, and Meryon in architecture, it is more than doubtful if there would have been any general revival at all. Interest in etching continues active in France to-day. Everybody is familiar with the work of the famous feminine portraiturist, Helleu. But there are other artists who, though less well known to Americans, carry on the finest traditions of the past, besides constantly experimenting to extend the field of expression in this most delightful medium. There is Lepère, for example, only beginning to be seen here as an etcher, although he used to engrave illustrations on wood for our magazines. There is Béjot, who belongs to that group of Paris-lovers which includes Meryon and Lalanne. There is Besnard, who, it is said, suggested his style to the Swedish etcher, Zorn. There is Steinlen, celebrated as illustrator and satirist. And there are many more. With them, after a brief historical survey of the history of French etching from Claude Lorrain and Callot, in the seventeenth century, Mr. Cleveland Palmer deals in his article on "Some Modern French Etchers," which will appear in the April number of THE BOOKMAN, *and which will prove one of the most important and interesting in the series he is devoting to current national manifestations of etching activity. It will be fully illustrated with beautiful reproductions of the work of those artists who are considered.*

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ROSEMONDE ROSTAND MYRIAM HARRY PIERRE LOTI

"IF THE ACADEMY HAD BEEN WILLING, THESE ARE THE ACADEMICIANS WE SHOULD HAVE HAD." A DRAWING BY SELLIER, ILLUSTRATING THE NEW WOMEN'S MOVEMENT IN LITERARY FRANCE

SOME FRENCH WOMEN WRITERS OF TO-DAY

BY MARIE LOUISE FONTAINE

In France, at least, the woman of letters has come into her own. The most original poet that France has produced within the last ten years is a woman. The most talented French novelist of to-day is a woman; and these women are not isolated phenomena. On the contrary, they are merely the shining lights of a galaxy. The development of feminine literature in France during the last fifteen years has been remarkable, and its success so complete that it is hard to award the first place to any one writer. The time has passed for a discussion of whether women's literary activities interfere with their marital duties. The point is that French women are writing and writing well. Almost every month in Paris some publisher brings out a new book signed by a feminine name. French women writers no longer hide behind the protecting mask of a masculine pseudonym, as in former days; they enter the literary arena boldly in their own names, and doing so increases rather than lessens their chances of success.

Who, then, are some of the women who are achieving a financial as well as a literary success in the French world of fiction? Among the older ones there is Daniel Lesueur, who has been writing valiantly for the last twenty years. She is the author of forty or more volumes, and is the only woman since George Sand who has been elected vice-president of the "Comité de la Société des Gens de Lettres"; but whereas George Sand considered her election as merely honorary and never attended meetings, Daniel Lesueur works regularly with her masculine col-

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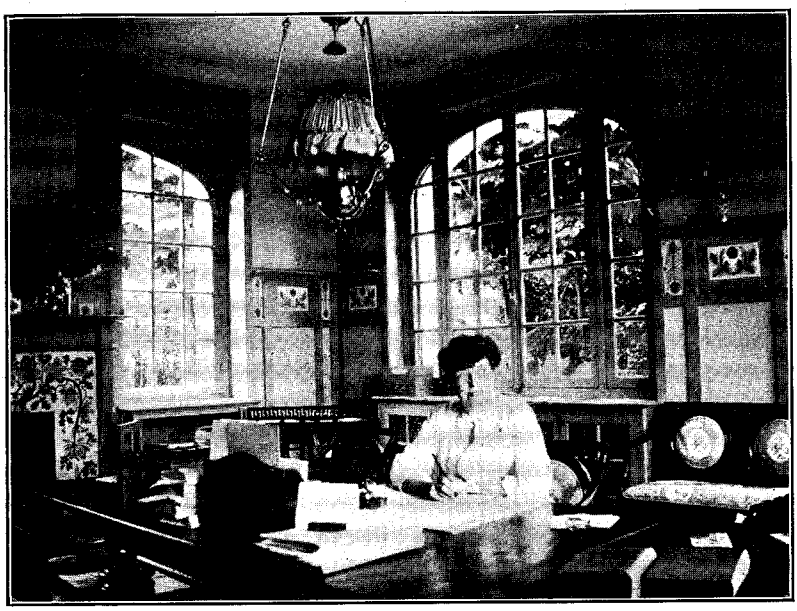
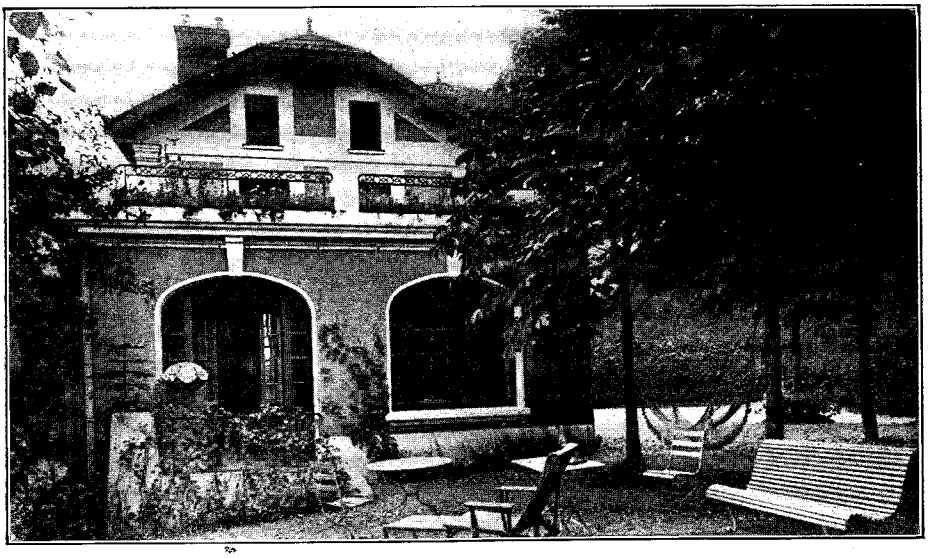


DANIEL LESUEUR IN HER STUDY AT LA VALCORIE



LA VALCORIE, MADAME LESUEUR'S VILLA NEAR PARIS

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leagues, who recognise her as one of their staunchest co-workers. Besides this signal honour she is of the Legion of Honour, and has been awarded all possible literary prizes. She has tried her skill in almost every literary genre, poetry, drama and fiction, and has been successful in them all.

Within the realm of fiction she displays versatility and widely differing interests, for she passes at will from the novel of adventure, melodramatic and extraordinary, to the psychological novel or the novel that expounds a theory. It is with intuitive quickness that she seizes upon the ideas or theories that are likely to become popular and uses them for the woof of her novels. When the younger generation and the women were waxing enthusiastic over Nietzsche, she brought

DANIEL LESUEUR

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out *Nietzschienne*. Somewhat later, when France was beginning to see that the great humanitarian principles of mercy and pardon cannot be applied with impunity to all, and that the right of might should sometimes be the right of the good against the bad, she wrote *Le Droit à la Force*. Again she has novels like her last one, *Au Tournant des Jours*, based upon life and full of keen observation and psychological understanding of character.

There are two ways of meeting Daniel Lesueur. Henri Lapauze, her husband, being conservateur of the Petit Palais, one may call upon her there and have the advantage of admiring an extraordinarily carved and gilded wooden portal leading into her apartment, which was brought from the Ghetto of Venice to Paris at the cost of many tribulations! One may also find joy in the view of the Champs Elysées from the windows of the apartment which is quite at the top of the Petit Palais. But alas! Daniel Lesueur will probably have a luncheon or dinner engagement, according to the season of the day, or a committee meeting, and she will be hurried, not to say worried; and there will be the telephone buzzing at the most inopportune moments to destroy all possible continuity in the conversation. Under these circumstances, one gets the impression of a Daniel Lesueur who is above all business-like, capable and a bit excitable under pressure.

The second and better way of meeting Daniel Lesueur is as a hostess, and especially as the hostess of her delightful country home at Parmain, about an hour's journey from Paris. The trip from the Gare du Nord through the department of Seine et Oise gives glimpses of white, straight French roads bordered with glorious old trees and of the river Oise winding between tall poplars. The villa "La Valcorie" stands on a small elevation within a short drive of the little station of Valmondois. In front and to the side of it, Daniel Lesueur has laid out a rose-garden, whose chief glory is a fragrant tea-coloured rose named after the author herself, who is also quite proud of her old forged-iron Venetian well, of her vegetable garden, and of the view from the top of the hillock behind the villa. She is always genial and seems still wonderfully young of heart. In appearance she is not typically French. Flashes of red in her golden hair, blue eyes, a long upper lip, and an almost impertinent nose bring up in one's mind Ireland and her famous beauties. Daniel Lesueur's maiden name was Jeanne Loiseaux, a plain name of southern France, but her grandfather was Daniel O'Connell, the Irish orator, and she much resembles the bust of him to be seen at Madame Tussaud's in London. Her father was an inventor, forever building wild and fantastic castles in Spain on the strength of some future and wonderful invention, so that Daniel Lesueur's extraordinary imaginative capacity, which enables her to create a novel every year with apparently no effort, can, in a measure, be attributed to heredity.

The story of her first novel and of her beginnings in the world of letters is but the simple story of a guileless and young girl, but it helps us appreciate the value of what Daniel Lesueur has accomplished and throws light upon her character.

The war of 1870 had left her mother a widow with three children and without resources, so that the childhood of little Jeanne and her two brothers was one of privation and hardship, borne in solitude and pride. At fourteen she was sent to an English boarding-school, where she earned her tuition by speaking French. Between hours she scribbled verses on stray bits of paper. When she was seventeen she returned to Paris and began earning her living by giving English lessons, but however hard she worked, she still found time to write poetry on the sly. One day she discovered that she was also able to write prose, and immediately started composing a novel. She had heard of people selling novels, but she had no idea of how and where. Poor, proud and therefore friendless, she had

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grown up in an extraordinary ignorance of everything which her books and her dreams had not taught her. With a vague idea that it was not quite proper perhaps for a "jeune fille" to write a novel, she did not dare confide in her mother, so in mysterious secrecy she held conference with her young brother and one of his college friends. The friend, who declared himself very competent on the subject, assured her that it was best to sell the novel outright, and that she surely would get a large sum for it, at least three thousand francs. And thereupon were built wonderful castles in Spain! The little author would make her mother rich again, and the whole family would have new clothes; there would be new furniture, and every one would be happy! So one morning Jeanne Loiseaux took her manuscript and went bravely to the publishing house of Calmann Levy. At that time old Calmann was still living and still striking good bargains. He was rather a terrifying personage for a young girl whose heart was beating so fast to interview, but he smiled benignantly upon her and said he would read her manuscript. Two weeks later she received a summons to call again. "Yes," he said gruffly, "we will publish your book. How much do you want for it?" But little Jeanne did not know, and Calmann, of course, did not give her time to think, and offered her three hundred francs. Three hundred francs; that was somewhat different from the three thousand francs of which she had dreamed; but what was she to do? Perhaps no one would take the book at all, and the childish fear that Calmann would be angry if she made any comment on the price offered made her accept hastily. On the way home she philosophised a bit despondently on the difference between expectations and reality, but her stout little heart won the day, and she ended by saying, "Bah, I shall write another!" And so she did, and so she has been doing ever since. She wrote another and yet another until her reputation was indisputable and the world of letters showered upon her all the distinction at its command.

COLETTE YVER

When Madame Daniel Lesueur touches upon these reminiscences, she tells it all very modestly and simply, but one gathers an impression of years of

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persistent hard work done bravely and joyously, and of a youth spent in one continuous effort against difficult circumstances. But those were days full of great ambitions and dreams, full of living and hoping, rich in accomplished tasks, and she sometimes confesses that they were perhaps the happiest of her life.

Two other well-known names are those of Colette Yver and Gabrielle Réval. Both have dealt in a most intteresting fashion with a modern type of woman, the professional woman. Madame Gabrielle Réval came to letters through teaching, and was a student at Sèvres and an instructor in a lycée for girls before publishing her first volume, *Les Sèvriennes,* in 1900. This novel, as its name indicates, is a study—a very intimate and real one—of the life of the women who study at Sèvres, as a preparation for teaching in the feminine lycées of France. The book created a great sensation at the time of its publication, especially as it seemed to throw some discredit upon a much respected institution. So far as Madame Gabrielle Réval was concerned, it was the making of her literary name, and every succeeding book she might write was assured of success. She continued her exposition of the feminine world, but also dealt with such types as the woman artist, painter, or sculptor. Madame Colette Yver, on the other hand, in her *Princesses de Sciences* and in *Les Dames du Palais,* has depicted extraordinarily interesting characters of women doctors in the one, and of women lawyers in the other. She presents with vivid interest the innumerable difficulties to be overcome by the proud women who earn their own livelihood by the side of the men.

Both of these authors show keen psychological insight into the complex and subtle problems that face the new professional woman of to-day, who, if she enters upon her profession with the amount of enthusiasm necessary to achieve success, naturally feels reluctant to give up her hard-won place in the professional world when the inevitable husband comes into her life; yet she cannot do a man's work and a woman's work at the same time. Madame Colette Yver would apparently have us come to the conclusion that a professional woman must either give up her claim to love and motherhood or her career.

There is also, of course, Madame Marcelle Tinayre, whose name is beginning to be well known on this side of the Atlantic. Among others she claims the unique distinction of having refused, about two years ago, the Legion of Honour, that most coveted of French distinctions. Whether or not she did actually refuse it is a permissible question, for although she is individualistic and independent, she seems not at all scornful of honours, and seems, on the contrary, to take a very legitimate joy in her great present success. The facts are these. There circulated a rumour to the effect that she was to receive the cross of the Legion of Honour, and she was forthwith assailed by reporters, and to them she dared speak flippantly of the famous red ribbon. If she were to wear it in the lapel of her tailor-suit, she said, people would certainly wonder when and where she had distinguished herself as a canteen-woman, for she was too young to have served in the war of 1870. Why did they not recompense her with a pearl necklace instead? She was immediately accused of *lèse-majesté,* and of having insulted her country in speaking lightly of the highest distinction it could confer. The discussion was taken up by every paper in Paris, and even crossed the seas. It was all rather absurd, and the immediate result of it was that Madame Tinayre got neither the Legion of Honour nor the pearl necklace! The ultimate result, however, was decidedly to her advantage, for no scheme ever invented by a clever publisher could have succeeded in advertising her so well. The sale of her books, which was already good, became better still, and *La Maison du Péché,* which all agree to be her masterwork, was commented upon as though it were a new novel, whereas it was first published in 1902.

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Madame Marcelle Tinayre, like George Sand and many others before and since, began writing out of necessity. She had married an art engraver, but in these mechanical days of photography, art engraving, as many other similar trades, is not a financial success, and there were children to be clothed, fed, and educated. She had read mediocre novels written by men and thought she could do as well. She did as well and better. She achieved her first real success in 1900 with *Hellé,* which received a prize from the French Academy. Every succeeding year has brought her more recognition, and to-day she is one of the most striking figures in the feminine world of letters. She is very fond of travelling, and fonder still perhaps of lecturing on her travels. When she is not wandering in Turkey and Italy she spends half of the year at Montfort l' Amaury, in her picturesque country home, and the other half in Paris, where she has built up an interesting literary salon.

Barely two years after Madame Tinayre had conquered her laurels with *La Maison du Péché* in 1904, another author, whose very pen name was as foreign as that of Madame Tinayre's was French, and whose manner of composition revealed her as one who was not an heir to the French literary traditions of balance and moderation, was claiming her share of attention. This was Madame Myriam Harry,* and her book was *La Conquête de Jérusalem,* which was awarded the prize of *La Vie Heureuse.*

Her advent to French letters is very much of a literary fairy-tale, and is as unlikely as only truth can be. She was born in Jerusalem in 1875, and lived there until the age of fourteen, so that her first impressions were got in the city of cities, where the jostling and mingling of races and religions is greatest. In her veins there flows Jewish, Polish, and German blood, for she is the granddaughter of an Israelite and an orthodox Slav, and the daughter of an orthodox Oriental and a German Protestant. The first languages she spoke were German and English; an Arab servant taught her a few words of French. During the years of her childhood she lived in an old Saracenic house, white and peaceful, and learned to love the old city of Sion, which she was to describe so well later; occasionally she travelled into Syria and Arabia with her father. At the age of fourteen her father died, and her German mother took her to Berlin, where she attended a boarding-school for girls for about three years. At this time we find her writing novels, but in German, for she knew French only as any school girl might know it; indeed, she failed to pass her French examinations for graduation. Then came the turning point and the decisive event in her career. She went to Paris to study. The whole greatness of French literature seemed to be discovered to her in one revealing flash, and she who had already belonged to two countries now adopted a third, but of her own free will and because of an ardent love for France and the things of France. With magnificent impetuosity she began absorbing volumes of French literature. Lamartine, Chateaubriand, and Victor Hugo were among her first favourites. Is there a woman author upon whom the romantic school has not borne its influence? She also absorbed and was influenced by the impressionistic and symbolistic literary movements that were breathing through the Paris air of some ten or fifteen years ago. During these years of study in Paris, she found herself without any medium of expression, for she was voluntarily forgetting German, and had not yet mastered French to her satisfaction. Yet to-day we admire Madame Harry as an author as much for her style as for anything else.

After these busy and telling years in Paris she travelled extensively, and nothing seems to have escaped her great hun-

*Madame Myriam Harry generally evades all questions bearing directly upon her life. Fortunately, M. J. Lemaitre, that iconoclastic but most genial of French critics, has received her confidences.

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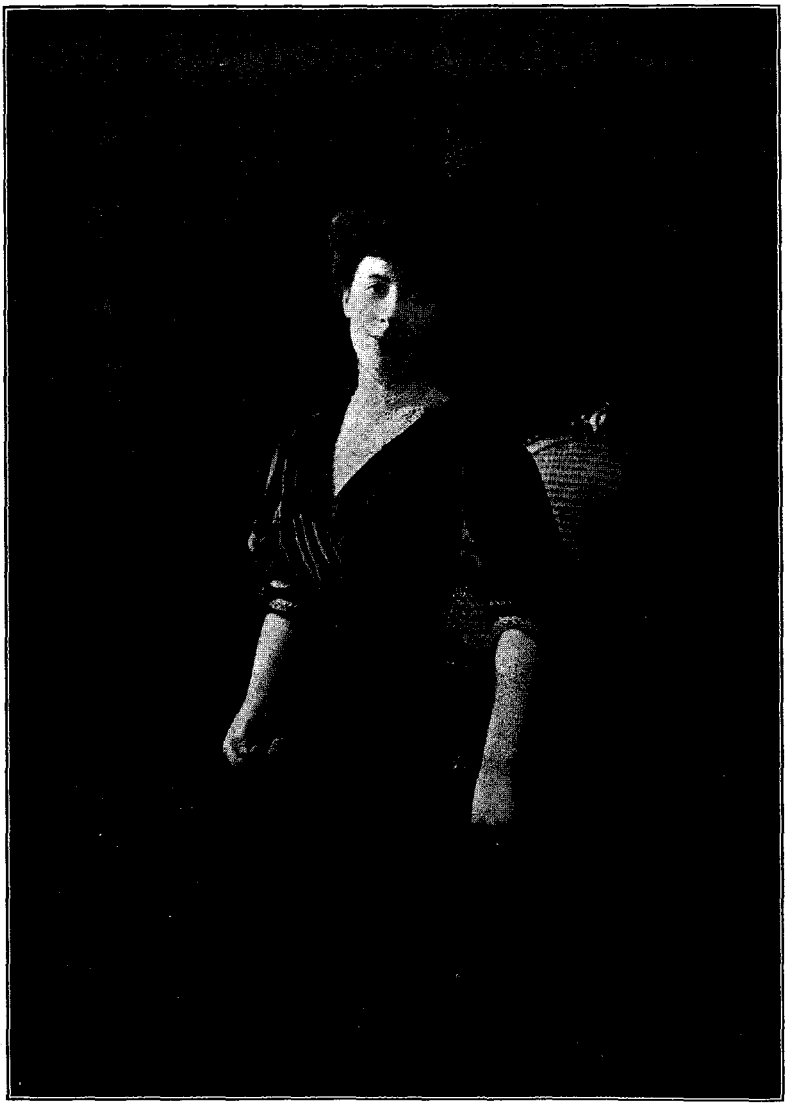
gry eyes or her memory, and in her novels ever since she has been telling us of all those wonderful Oriental countries. In addition to Jerusalem, part of Arabia and Syria, with which she had become familiar during her childhood, she has visited and knows Egypt, one-half of Europe, Ceylon, part of China, Indo-China, and Tunisia.

In 1899 she published *Passage de Bedouins,* which was followed by a series of Cochin-Chinese novels, all of which were well received; but it is especially in 1904, with the publication of *La Conquête de Jérusalem,* that she attracted the attention and won the praise of the serious-minded literary public. There are in it startling presentments of an intimate Jerusalem peopled with strange beings, some Biblical and peaceful, others



MARCEL TINAYRE

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MADAME MYRIAM HARRY

wild-eyed and enfevered. There are fervid descriptions overwrought with details of form and colour and writ in cadences heavy with voluptuousness and with all the perfumes of Judea, with frankincense, myrrh and spikenard. Madame Harry, daughter of three countries, makes us feel with poignant intensity the irreducible melancholy that necessarily emanates from the meeting together of peoples of different races, languages and feelings; yet the city of Zion was that of her first love, and she regrets it with heaving nostalgia. In *La Conquête de Jérusalem,* as in her other and succeeding novels, Madame Harry shows an extraordinary power of observation and a wonderful memory for sounds, smells, and colours. Her sensations are strong, and she renders them with precision. Through a series of concrete images, each complete in itself, she produces pictures of Oriental life full of sun, and the dazzling whiteness of the flat-roofed houses, full of passion and exasperated sensuality, the whole subtly permeated by the deep, minor tones of lassitude and despair.

Her last book, *La Divine Chanson,* is set in Paris, for after so many Oriental wanderings, Myriam Harry has settled down in a delightful home in the outskirts of Paris, at Neuilly. Here, in peaceful rustic surroundings, among her books and numberless exotic things gleaned in her travels, she works hope-

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fully and enthusiastically at her daily task. Socially, she is Madame Perrault and the wife of a talented sculptor of animals. That is why there is such a large airy studio by the side of the little house at Neuilly, and why a stray visitor there is greeted vociferously by all sizes and conditions of dogs. Myriam Harry has a charming personality. She is frank, direct in manner and not at all loath to talk. At times she is almost voluble, and seems to be afraid lest she will never have the time to say all she wants to tell, and then reminiscences, theories, plans, descriptions, trip out blithely but in perfect confusion, and it is for the listener to bring order into this chaos. But all the while her large blue eyes, pale and mystical, are full of penetration and intelligence, and one understands that they have seen, observed and remembered so much that no amount of volubility can ever express it all.

These are not the only women whose work in fiction is worthy of attention. A French critic who drew up a list of them, not long ago, said they numbered thirty at least, so that though we took only the best out of these thirty there would still be other names, deserving more than a passing mention. There is, for instance, Lucie Delarus-Mardrus, who after gaining an enviable reputation as a poet has started a second one as a novelist; Jean Bertheroy, who has made a specialty of the historical novel with an antique setting, and Madame Henri de Régnier, the wife of the academician.

THE GRUB STREET PROBLEM

BEING A CONSIDERATION OF THE SCRIBE AND THE COST OF LIVING IN VARIOUS PERIODS

BY ALGERNON TASSIN

IN SHAKESPEARE'S TIME. PART I

FEW quotations bob up so temptingly as the Psalmist's remark "Of making many books there is no end." It makes one throw considerations of triteness to the winds when he finds a statement some thousands of years old fluttering so fresh and pertinent (indeed, fresher and more pertinent than ever—as has been said many hundred times in all the ages since!). In Elizabeth's day, when first in England the Grub Street problem leaves a recorded imprint upon an insensible public, we find local psalmists similarly lamenting. A generation later, in 1632, Wither writes, "Good God, how many dungboats of fruitless works do they yearly foist on His Majesty's subjects!" As a matter of fact, however, the total number of entries in the Stationers' Register for that year (though it did not, of course, include the entire number of publications) amounted to just two a week. It may be guessed, therefore, that some laments of authors are not entirely trustworthy. An author's complaint of an overstocked market may mean merely that there are on it too many books of other people's. The originator of the remark, though he seems to have had the same lofty disdain for the lucubrations of others, was perhaps the only one entirely uninfluenced by fears of a ruinous competition.

Thus is one led to inspect other incessant complaints of the tribe. It was early in the days of James I that authors began to grumble against inadequate rewards. This is one of the best historical illustrations of the fact that if you give a man an inch he will demand an ell. For it was only in the latter half of the sixteenth century that the commendable practice had begun of paying authors anything at all for their work. Like many

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other conditions which have prevailed in their business, this state of affairs had been largely their own fault. So many authors wrote only for the love of the thing and thought all commercial dealings vulgar, that the publishers could supply their meagre and precarious market without adding to their risks by paying their scribes—especially when those who desired money were of the poorer sort, materially at any rate, and hence had fewer friends among buyers. Publishers, too, counted on getting hold of manuscripts which were being privately circulated in genteel circles and printing them for nothing. Let any modern (even an author!) who would not do the same thing under like conditions cast the first stone. Shakespeare seems to have known well enough that no outsider could hope to get on with gentlemen of the court if he consented to have his works printed at all, to say nothing of driving a bargain with a bookseller. Furthermore, no modern (even an author!) should forget how small was the early demand for printed books. Even in Wither's day, the market could not stand much more than two books a week. Perhaps Wither overlooked this when he wrote, "The Bookseller hath made Authors labour for his profit at his owne price." The author's complaint of inadequate rewards just as soon as he began to receive anything at all for his work may not be in itself conclusive. He complains to-day. "Inadequate" may only have meant that he thought the publisher was getting the lion's share.

It is possible that authors in that day no less than this had rosy ideas of what the publisher was making out of them. And not the author only, but readers then and since. To cite Milton takes us out of our chronology, but the case is more apt than most. Milton was certainly a very unpromising venture when he sold the bulky manuscript of *Paradise Lost* to Simmons for five pounds down and the promise of a further five when the first edition was exhausted, and of two like sums at the end of the second and third editions if called for. Simmons was pretty small fry and he was possibly, therefore, the only publisher whom Milton found willing to take the risk. He made three payments on the poem, eighteen pounds in all—and made on the venture, according to Doctor Masson, about five or six times what he paid the author. This is certainly not overmuch considering his interest on his capital, the risk of his original expenditure, and his expenses in establishing the book in the unusual and original way he employed. The success of this latter effort, though equally unusual, does not seem to have been large enough to keep him from selling the copyright for seven pounds more than it cost him, about fifteen years afterward. That a succeeding publisher, at a time when the market had grown larger, reaped rich returns on it, was not Simmons's fault and it certainly was not his fortune. Yet abuse has been heaped upon his head by all subsequent generations of readers and authors (to the latter of whom it would, of course, be no justification to say that a publisher nowadays could not run his business unless he made as much on his average successful book).

Milton, says a recent writer, was forced to sell his immortal epic for the price of a week's board. There are two significant points about this appealing statement. The first is that the writer is thinking of the price of board in his own day, and rather sumptuous board at that. And it is this aspect of the matter which this article will examine in some detail. Secondly, Milton knew when he was writing *Paradise Lost* that he was writing something for which there would be no immediate great demand; and yet he wrote it. He did so not for money, then, but to satisfy an inner demand regardless of material considerations.

The assumption of the author that the world owes him a living in the only way he cares to make it is more personally gratifying than logical. If a person will spend his time making something which no one wants or wants enough to pay

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well for it, that is his own affair. If what he produces is precious, it is pitiable that in its own market it commands small price; but how can it be helped! The only reason it has been worth while to sound this ungracious string is because this eternal assumption of the author has its vital reflection in his expenditure; and it is necessary for us to examine his budget if we would get at the truth of the Grub Street problem.

That a genius should be slipshod is probably temperamental (or used to be) and therefore not to be helped, but the contention that the world owes him a living seems on examination to be built upon the idea that people must buy what they don't want, even if they ought to want it, of one kind of manufacturer more than of another. Queen Elizabeth's tart reply to a needy author who thrust himself upon her is one which a contemporary world has made to authors from time immemorial, and the subsequent generation which censures it is itself busy replying in like manner to authors of its own age, just as the authors who also bitterly censure it are themselves making it to manufacturers of other commodities (many of which require brains and imagination of just as high an order). When Richard Robinson—a tedious writer who would insist on scribbling what was already a drug upon the market—demanded that the Queen pay him for dedicating a book to her, she answered that she had all she could do to support her armies (which was, of course, a whopper!) and she did not see why she should pay for something she did not desire, in support of a work she had not set him on to do. The Grub Street problem of all ages can be stated in a way as uningratiating as it is simple. If people who must live by their work insist upon making something for which there is no demand or something which they do not exercise ordinary business sense in selling, they must live on Grub Street. Other people pay for gratifying their tastes or for lacking common-sense, why should not authors?

INACCURACIES OF AUTHORS' ACCOUNTS

Nevertheless, this Grub Street may not be as real and inevitable a thoroughfare as sentiment has liked to fancy. Authors' accounts of their moneys have generally been unreliable, and their expenditure has rarely adapted itself to their income. Poor John Stow is a case in point. He—the most accurate historian of the Elizabethan era!—said that he "made no gains by his travails." For his *Survey of London* (from which quotation is so often made in this article) he received three pounds and forty copies to sell for his own profit; and for his *Brief Chronicle* he was paid twenty shillings and fifty copies. It is not contended that these were large prices, only that his statement was inaccurate. Nor were these prices so pitiful as they appear. Stoddard in the same age paid to a schoolmaster for a quarter's schooling and board two pounds eight pence. The yearly salary of "one godly learned preacher" appointed to Ripon was thirty pounds, of his two assistant ministers fifteen pounds, of two lesser assistants, six pounds ten shillings, of two clerks three pounds. All these had their lodgings free, it is true, but they were allowed to hold no other preferment; and the six clerks of the city received three pounds a year without board or lodging. Thus if Stow received three pounds in cash for his book, besides the six pounds he might have derived from his gift copies, he received one-tenth of a bishop's yearly salary and the entire yearly salary of the town clerk. This is little enough, to be sure, for a book which (along with his *Brief Chronicle*) had cost him not only the best part of his life, but of his little fortune besides. Yet both his labour and the money he had laid out with it were an investment of love; and people have done the same collecting butterflies. James I gave Stow the right to appeal "for kind gratuities" and he seems (alas!) to have been reduced to asking for them with a basin on the street. But had James been accused of niggardliness, he might have replied in

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his predecessor's words that there were people enough relying on him and he hadn't asked Stow to give up his lifetime to writing books, much less to expend his fortune on them.

Ben Jonson, too, was yielding to the general inaccuracy of authors when he told Drummond that he had not got above two hundred pounds for all the works he had ever written. He not only received the usual amounts paid for plays, but he had a great deal out of his dedications besides. Furthermore, James I gave him a pension of about thirteen shillings a year, and though this was a small sum it was certainly not intended to be satirical; the city gave him a pension of one hundred nobles a year; Pembroke gave him regularly a New Year's gift of twenty pounds, and the Duke of Newcastle was also a generous supporter —all because he was a poet. The distressingly humble tone of his letters and dedications to noble patrons was thus either conventional or indicated a nature as improvident as this age would decree it servile, in however so sturdy a man. In the budget for the army, in Elizabeth's later years, the wages and victuals of two clerks, two millers, four bakers, and four labourers, for the entire year were reckoned at one hundred and fifty pounds—not much over twelve pounds apiece and doubtless some of these men had families to support. If twelve pounds would keep a clerk or a miller, it certainly could have supported without hardship a man who was raised a bricklayer and had been a common soldier in the army. Here was Jonson with forty pounds a year at the lowest, at a time when twenty pounds a year and heavy duties for it represented the condition of a squire. Harrison, whose *Description of England* covers the years 1577-87, the time of Shakespeare's youth, has shown us that forty pounds a year (though it could not "perform any great thing") was able to maintain him and his family in much comfort. His wife brewed yearly three hogsheads of beer of a sort "as is meete for poor men such as I am to live withal, whose small maintenance may endure no deeper cut. The charges whereof grow in this manner. I value my malt at ten shillings, my wood at four shillings, my hops at twenty pence, servant's wages at two shillings six pence with meat and drink, and the wearing of my vessels at twenty pence—so that for my twenty shillings I have ten score gallons of beer or more." Thus forty pounds a year, especially for one who was not maintaining a family and a settled social position and who in his youth was entirely unaccustomed to luxuries or even to regular necessities, was quite sufficient to keep him at a fairly handsome level of living. Where was Jonson's money going? One would be glad for a detailed account of the expenditure of an author in Elizabethan and Jacobean days.

DEDICATIONS THE FIRST ROYALTIES

This same Richard Robinson is the only Elizabethan writer who has left a detailed account of his earnings, and he, unfortunately, was writing before authors were generally paid. He says that he usually got nothing for his books from the publisher except copies which he sold to his friends. (At least his estate in this particular was better than the modern author, all of whose friends expect free copies!) In the majority of cases he speaks of "making profit" of twenty-five books. Except for the money received for dedication there is nowhere any mention of other profit than his own sale of these copies. These twenty-five copies, too, seem to have sufficed for as many editions as the publisher could print, although Robinson was able to extract a new dedication fee for each edition. He had two shillings sixpence from the Master of the Leathersellers and seven shillings sixpence from the company for dedicating a book to them. Sir Philip Sidney gave him four angels, and Sir Henry ten shillings for dedications. The choice of a patron, then,—as Robinson found when he unluckily tackled the Queen and some other noble personages—was an important matter in the early part of Elizabeth's reign.

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Though it continued important for many years to come, a generous patron and the bestowal by the publisher of free copies for the author to sell, ceased shortly to be his only means of remuneration. By the end of the century it was generally recognised that an author had a right to get something more definite and more reliable out of his work. Some of the privileged publishers even went so far as really to hire authors to write books. The Rev. William Fulke was brought on to London by his publishers, supported with two men-servants and three horses for nine months, and given forty pounds cash for his work. This was unique, but it shows at least that the opinion had begun to prevail, in spite of the silly practices of gentlemen-writers and some snobbish imitators, that an author was worthy of his hire.

PUBLISHING CONDITIONS IN ELIZABETH'S TIME

The book world of Elizabeth's day was in a state of the utmost confusion on account of three contending elements, the printer and the bookseller and the Crown. Elizabeth's royal printer in the first part of her reign had a salary of about six and one-half pounds a year (one-sixth of Jonson's income). But he had besides rich pickings as a monopolist. His privileges and those of several others, granted by the Queen, bore so heavily on the smaller men of "such as do lyve by bookselling" that they began to pirate their licensed rivals' copyrights. So embarrassed were they by the monopolies and privileges conferred upon the richer members of their trade, that it was extremely difficult for them to pick up even a piratical living. But this condition of affairs proved equally fortunate to the men who were to become professional writers and to succeeding generations. For the privileged booksellers were too busy with their monopolies and with printing for nothing the manuscripts of gentlemen to bother with risks of any sort. Consequently it is to the piratical and hand-to-mouth publishers that we owe our first professional class of authors, and all of the dramatic and much of the poetical and popular literature in the reign of Elizabeth and James. When the unlicensed bookseller finally had won his war with the Queen and with the printer, he had established (without particularly meaning to do so) the class who lived by their pens. His fight for a living had obliged him to lure writers to turn their hands to anything which promised returns for him; and thus began the extensive pamphlet and ballad publication of the day. Pamphlets of a controversial or a scurrilous nature, and topical street ballads, both written on any excitement of the hour, poured in an unending torrent from the precarious presses. Ballads sold for a penny, and a ballad-vendor was known to have taken in as much as twenty shillings on a fair day. A publisher who specialised in them once registered one hundred and twenty-three of them at one time. As for pamphlets, any occasion would suffice to spawn them; and if the matter were libellous, there needed no occasion whatever to persuade the publisher it was likely to prove a paying investment. The more "fat and pepper in the nose" the quicker and bigger the sale.

The competition being great for the racier of the pamphlets, they paid very well. "Forty shillings!" says a wit in a fictitious dialogue with a publisher who had offered him this amount for a promising libel, "A fit reward for one of your rheumatic poets! But as for me, I'll be paid dear for the very dregs of my wit." Gentlemen of the Sidney type would have had reason enough in the latter days of Elizabeth for wishing to hold aloof from dealings with publishers, since writing had become a rather unsavoury trade; nevertheless, now for the first time many people were living by it, and if the best of these endured privations it was for some other reason than because they were not paid enough to escape them. There was abundant though it may be irregular demand for successful pamphleteers; and Nashe wrote of Greene—both professional literary men—that the work of a day and

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a night sufficed to turn out a pamphlet. For the ordinary pamphlet a publisher paid two pounds or even more. That is to say, Nashe, who turned out some of the most highly-spiced and therefore highly-priced of these pamphlets and pleaded his poverty as excuse for the most scandalous of them, received for the work of a day and a night the entire yearly salary of the town clerk of Ripon.

Besides writing pamphlets and ballads to eke out the proceeds of his more serious labours, the hack-writer could do translating. This was generally poorly paid work, as it is now, but still it was something steadily coming in; for translations were always being published. With them the writer had often, as in the earlier days, to content himself with copies as payment. In the later Jacobean days, news-sheets began to be issued in London and the translation of foreign ones offered another small and steady source of income to the professional writer. So much did he rely on this, that the manufacture of foreign news was by no means uncommon in times of scarcity. Almost all of the band of poets who earned the major part of their living in the theatre were glad to do jobs of hack-writing. They would, thus, be engaged turning out pamphlets and ballads and translations for the publishers.

EARNINGS OF THE PLAYWRIGHTS

There was much hack-writing for the theatres also. Plays were constantly being revived and, in a time when theatrical fashions changed and theatrical education grew overnight, constantly altered for the revivals. The jobs of revision and addition bore a relation to the popularity of the playright, but the regular fee for a prologue and epilogue was five shillings. The author seems to have received a fee, too, for altering his play for a production at Court. The company received a fee for playing at Court, but whether the author was given one also is not known.

The highest price which we know any manager to have paid for a play is twenty-five pounds, but from six to ten seems to have been the usual price. Sometimes, too, the author had a bonus for the first night; and there is reason to believe that in certain cases and possibly regularly, he had a benefit on one of the following nights. Heywood says some of the playwrights sold their plays to publishers as well as to managers and incurred "great suspition of honestie by this double sale of their labours." But this suspicion was of early date. Apparently, managers who had begun by being very jealous of their manuscripts and authors who had for one reason or another been indifferent to printing, discovered in course of time that they could not keep their plays out of the hands of pirates and decided to get what profit they could from authorised publication. The sale of plays to publishers seems in later years to have become an established part of the business of writing and producing them. At the customary price of sixpence a copy, the royalty on a popular play which went through several editions must have been considerable, even if it had to be divided between author and manager. This is very likely, since managers soon got to selling plays in the theatre itself. For a spectator to carry a book to the show was a common occurrence. When the play was published, too, the author could always make forty shillings more by dedicating it to some theatre-loving patron. As for being out of pocket for the running expenses of his profession, he had—as nowadays—free admission to all the theatres; nor apparently did he have to pay even for refreshments when he read his play to the company at a neighbouring inn. Henslowe puts down in his expense account five shillings worth of "good cheer" consumed at an author's reading in the Sun in New Fish Street, and at "The Tavern" they had two shillings worth of wine. Shakespeare, of course, made the bulk of his money as sharing-actor not as playwright. Mr. Wallace calculates that his yearly profits at the Globe alone ran as high as three hundred pounds, while Collier estimates his income in 1608 at four hundred pounds.

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This should mark him off sufficiently from the playwright, whose sole earnings came from his pen, but these playwrights —in spite of the popular impression to the contrary—did not fare so badly.

THE CASE OF DEKKER

It is the general opinion of critics that Dekker led a wretched existence. Though he did not write as much as Heywood, who, according to his own account, had "an entire hand or at least a main finger in two hundred and twenty plays," still his industry was highly praised by his contemporaries. It is difficult then to see, as Miss Mary Leland Hunt proves in a recent monograph upon him, that his income during the major part of his working life was not fairly comfortable. Dekker is known to have within five years, says Miss Hunt, assisted in thirty plays and produced eight unaided. During the first of these years he was paid for five collaborations and a comedy, besides hack-work of alteration and addition. His receipts then for this year were about forty pounds, and during the second year somewhat more. Furthermore in addition to this most respectable income, he was at various times receiving money for his pamphlets. Nevertheless, it is during these five profitable years that we hear mention of his poverty; and Ben Jonson accused him of impecuniosity and shabby clothes. Twice during the early days of this lucrative period Dekker was in prison. If it was for debt and debt conscientiously incurred, it must have been caused by the irregularity of his income rather than its slenderness. Both of these times Henslowe advanced the money to get him out, two pounds and three pounds and a half; and, besides this, he was always borrowing small sums from that shrewd manager, who seems to have sized up his writers pretty well in never allowing any of them to get much in his debt. Where could the money of that charming and tender sloven Dekker have gone in all these years?

Almost every playwright in Elizabeth's time had to reckon with the jail except that child of fortune, Shakespeare, whose early scrape seemed to have cured him of the habit; and imprisonment for small debts was with them the commonest of occurrences. Nor need a person have been careless and improvident, like Dekker, to see the inside of one. Even the sober-living Chettle was twice released by papa Henslowe for small sums. Indeed, in the days when there were at least five debtors' prisons on the south side of the Thames, everybody was doing it. Later in his life, when Dekker's earning capacity was much less, he went to King's Bench for debt and stayed there seven years; the canny Henslowe would not have cared to help him out then. "There is ten pounds more at least to be received for the plays," wrote Nat. Fields to Henslowe from the Marshalsea. "We desire you to lend us five pounds." Daborne and the moral Massinger added a word also, and signed the appeal. Not only for petty debts alone were the Elizabethan playwrights always going to prison; they often got into trouble with the government for meddling with politics and religion. Nashe, for instance, went to the Fleet for writing the libellous *Isle of Dogs*. Consequently, in listing the daily expenditure of the Elizabethan writers, we must put down his expenses in prison—one of the few reckonings which he could not carelessly evade.

At some of the prisons a person could diet himself or accept the county allowance. At Queen's Bench if he was able to pay he had to do so. The poorer class of debtors starved on the yieldings of one or two habitual but inadequate charities, and died of want or of cold. In 1586 and 1593 the prisoners of the Fleet petitioned against the grievous abuses of the management. The warden farmed out this to his two deputies, who extorted whatever they could. His own fees were enormous; and the deputies had to cover this and their rental before they could make anything. For the commitment and one week's "dyett" of an archbishop, duke, or duchess was twenty-

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one pounds ten shillings; of a knight five pounds; of an esquire, three pounds six shillings eight pence; of a poor man in the wards to pay for his fee and having no "dyett," seven shillings four pence. So the imprisoned playwrights absolutely lost money by going to prison for debts —they could have lived well, as we shall see, for less than half of that outside. The pawn-broker's shop—the half-way house to a debtor's prison—did a flourishing business also. The pawn-brokers made no "merry bonds" with their victims. Three pounds on ten was the usual figure with a monthly interest of sixteen pence a pound, the bill to be each month renewed.

Yet when you have enumerated prisons, pawn-shops and that third pest, as James I would have called it—tobacco —you have mentioned almost all the daily necessities of the Elizabethan writer, which were more costly in his day than ours. Elderly people and statisticians were, it is true, complaining of a great advance in the cost of living, but that did not affect him. Contrary to our own experience, it was the labourer and the servant who suffered; for their wages remained stationary. A serving-man in 1598 said that during his lifetime all ordinary articles had trebled in price although his wages were the same as his great-grandfather's. To-day it is the lower middle class which suffer most, but in Elizabeth's time, although these did not much profit by the general rise in prices, they did gain greatly in increased comfort and in luxuries. But the writers certainly had no complaint coming on account of their rate of payment remaining what it had been when commodities were cheaper. For they had practically never been paid before and had not as a class before existed.

* * *

The payment of the Elizabethan playwright, contrary to traditional and critical opinion, seems to have been sufficient to maintain him; and there were, besides, ways in which he habitually eked out his theatrical earnings. If his payment be considered in its purchasing value, it was by no means insignificant; and if it be considered in relation to the income of other workmen and professional people, it compares very favourably with them. Mr. Tassin's second paper in The Grub Street Problem series, to appear in the April issue, discusses all the daily expenses of a literary man and concludes that his traditional poverty must have been occasioned by his prodigality. In the chief extravagances of the age—high living and costly dressing—his life particularly exposed him; and it may be conjectured that they were his peculiar failings.

* * *

Shakespeare, if he were living to-day, would almost certainly be found in the ranks of the Antis. In the plays which bear his name there are occasional tributes to individual women, but for the sex as a whole he always manifested the most profound contempt. He did not like women, and he did not like dogs. He liked horses and was inordinately fond of music, but his knowledge of painting was limited, and in matters of history, geography, and natural history he was magnificently inaccurate. To the April BOOKMAN *Brander Matthews will contribute a paper deducing from the plays themselves Shakespeare's opinions on certain phases of the life of his time.*

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SUPREME MOMENTS IN DETECTIVE FICTION

BY BURTON EGBERT STEVENSON

Author of "The Marathon Mystery," "The Boule Cabinet," etc.

IT IS not difficult to account for the steady popularity of the detective story. The pleasure to be had from a good one is of a unique and satisfying kind. The reader is invited to take part in a mathematical demonstration, in which the symbols are men and women, with just enough of the background of life to give them reality. The problem to be solved is one of human conduct, and the solution is reached when one has found X, the unknown quantity—usually the criminal. The task which the author must accomplish is to give his readers all the data of the problem, and yet to solve it before they do. *All* the data, mind you, or he is not playing the game.

The interest of a detective story is therefore intellectual and not emotional. There is no love interest—or, at most, a very slight one. For the problem is not to bring two loving hearts together, but to land the guilty man in jail. To attempt a love interest is to run every risk of failure.

So the detective story has always been held to be a man's story rather than a woman's. But times change; and women, certainly, are changing with them. They are still creatures of the emotions, and no doubt always will be, but they are coming to have their moments of intellectual detachment. Also, they no longer faint at the sight of blood. The writer has been in charge of a public library for twelve years, and one of the most interesting features of that work has been to watch the changes in the taste of the reading public. It has been full of surprises and contradictions, of almost unbelievable whims and vulgarities, but one thing can be said of it with confidence: interest in detective fiction has been steadily growing, among women even more than among men. To-day, in the library, leaving adolescents out of the question, there are almost as many women as men who ask to have a detective story recommended to them. Perhaps this is a symptom of their emancipation!

The fact of the matter is that the supply no longer equals the demand. Oh, yes, there are plenty of detective stories—but how few that one can recommend as entirely satisfying. The writer has read nearly all that have appeared during the past ten years, and yet not more than six or eight have left any abiding impression. Aside from the Sherlock Holmes stories, there are only three that provoked re-reading, and on the spur of the moment it is impossible to recall the name of the detective in any of them.

In short, among all the detectives, amateur and professional, who have appeared before the public and performed their little tricks, there are only four who are classic—C. Auguste Dupin, Tabaret, M. Lecoq, and Sherlock Holmes. These abide. Beside them, the others are mere shadows. And these four are memorable not because they never bungled, not because occasionally they struck home with a cleverness and certainty which makes us forgive their mistakes. Their supreme moments are moments to be remembered with delight.

What were their supreme moments?

With Dupin, it was undoubtedly the moment when, standing before the window of the house in the Rue Morgue, he told himself that the nail which seemed to secure it *could not* really do so. It was a question, you will remember, of how the assassin of the two women had escaped. He could not have gone by the door, since there were some people on the stair, nor by the chimney, since it was too narrow, nor by the front win-

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dows, since there was a crowd in the street outside. Careful search had failed to disclose a secret exit. Therefore, Dupin reasoned, the fugitive must have passed through one of the two windows in the back room. But each of them was apparently secured on the inside by a stout nail fitted into a gimlet-hole in the sash. Let Dupin tell the rest:

The murderers *did* escape from one of these windows. This being so, they could not have re-fastened the sashes from the inside as they were found fastened. Yet the sashes *were* fastened. They *must* then have the power of fastening themselves. There was no escape from this conclusion. I stepped to the unobstructed casement, withdrew the nail with some difficulty, and attempted to raise the sash. It resisted all my efforts. A concealed spring must, I now knew, exist. A careful search soon brought it to light.

I now replaced the nail and regarded it attentively. A person passing out through the window might have re-closed it, and the spring would have caught; but the nail could not have been replaced. The assassin *must,* then, have escaped through the other window. Supposing the springs upon each sash to be the same, as was probable, there *must* be found a difference between the nails, or at least between the modes of their fixture. Getting upon the sacking of the bedstead, I looked over the headboard minutely at the second casement. Passing my hand down behind the board, I readily discovered and pressed the spring, which was, as I had supposed, identical in character with its neighbour. I now looked at the nail. It was as stout as the other, and apparently fitted in the same manner, driven in nearly up to the head.

You will say that I was puzzled; but if you think so, you must have misunderstood the nature of the inductions. To use a sporting phrase, I had not once been "at fault." The scent had never for an instant been lost. There was no flaw in any link of the chain. I had traced the secret to its ultimate result; and that result was *the nail.* It had, I say, in every respect the appearance of its fellow in the other window; but this fact was an absolute nullity (conclusive as it might seem to be) when compared with the consideration that here at this point terminated the clue. "There *must* be something wrong," I said, "about the nail." I touched it, and the head, with about a quarter of an inch of the shank, came off in my fingers. The rest of the shank was in the gimlet-hole, where it had been broken off.

The quotation has been made at length because this bit of reasoning is as coherent and closely knit as any detective story can show. In fact, "The Murders in the Rue Morgue" is in many ways the most satisfactory of all detective stories. The device of the newspaper advertisement to discover the identity of the criminal is one which Sherlock Holmes used many times.

And yet there are weak points even in this classic. In the first place, there are too many clues. The strange voice of the assassin and the unusual method of the murders should have been clues enough. When Dupin finds a tuft of hair between the fingers of one of the victims and afterward picks up a piece of greasy ribbon at the foot of the lightning rod by which the murderer escaped, the sense of fair play rebels. Furthermore, when Dupin goes on to explain that the knot tied in this ribbon is one peculiar to Maltese sailors, one becomes utterly incredulous. It is unlikely that there *is* a knot peculiar to Maltese sailors; and even if there were, why should Dupin happen to know it? In a word, the incident is most improbable.

For, mind you, the writer of detective stories, in developing his plot, must keep within the probable—indeed, he *should* keep within the very probable. In life, everything is possible, no coincidence is incredible, and chance is always to be reckoned with. But in fiction, coincidence must be used most sparingly, nothing may be left to chance, and to say that, in its working out, a detective story is possible but not probable is to damn it. This does not refer to the initial situation; the more unusual that is the better, provided the explanation is adequate; but its development must impress the reader as inevitable, and the *dénoue-*

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ment must be the only one which fits all the circumstances.

There is one other particular in which Dupin strains the reader's faith. It is not easy to believe that he could have followed the train of thought passing through his companion's mind, as Poe makes him do in the first part of the Rue Morgue story. Sherlock Holmes, probably in a spirit of rivalry, tries the same feat with Watson on two occasions; Watson is impressed, but it is doubtful if any one else is.

One point more. It must be confessed that the psychology of "The Purloined Letter" does not entirely convince; but admitting that it is so—admitting that, in order to conceal the letter which the police sought, the thief would resort to "the comprehensive and sagacious expedient of not attempting to conceal it at all"—it is certain that he would not have proceeded as Poe makes him do. The letter, it will be remembered, had been thrust into a card-rack, where it remained within full view of every one entering the thief's library. But, before being placed there, it had been put in a soiled and crumpled envelope, torn nearly in two, bearing a large black seal and addressed in a woman's hand to the thief. Surely it is evident that this soiled, crumpled and torn envelope, so out of place in a well-ordered apartment, would have attracted attention and awakened curiosity, and that a smooth, unsoiled, untorn envelope would have been far less likely to do so. "The Purloined Letter," however, gives us for the first time what has since become one of the stock situations of the detective story—that of the regular police, baffled and mystified, seeking the advice and assistance of the astute amateur.

Twenty years after Poe's death, Emile Gaboriau began that series of detective stories which still remain, on the whole, the best of their class. There is probably no scene more satisfying than that in which Tabaret arrives at the place of the murder in *The Lerouge Case,* and, after a short investigation, proceeds to reconstruct the crime. Here, plainly, is the genesis of Sherlock Holmes, and yet Holmes never quite rose to this height. And it is in this story that Tabaret reaches his supreme moment—the moment when, after having bound his chain about his victim, assured that there is not a single weak link in it, he sees it shiver to pieces. The accused man has been arrested, has been taken before a magistrate, and, although stunned and incoherent, has doggedly asserted his innocence, but has as doggedly refused to say where he was on the night of the crime. Finally he is led away and Tabaret enters.

"I have come," he says, "to know if any investigations are necessary to demolish the alibi pleaded by the prisoner."

"He pleaded no alibi," the magistrate replies.

"What? No alibi!" cries the detective. "He has, of course, then, confessed everything."

"No, he has confessed nothing. He acknowledges that the proofs are decisive: he cannot give an account of how he spent his time, but he protests his innocence."

Tabaret is thunderstruck—and reaches his supreme moment.

"Not an alibi!" he murmurs. "No explanations! It is inconceivable! We must then be mistaken: he cannot be the criminal. That is certain!"

The magistrate laughs at him, and Tabaret explains that the man who committed this crime, so carefully planned, so cleverly carried out, so audacious and yet so prudent, would, under no circumstances, have failed to provide himself with a convincing alibi, and that a man who has no alibi cannot possibly be the criminal. Still the magistrate laughs, and Tabaret proceeds to lay down a principle which all writers of detective fiction would do well to learn by heart:

Given a crime, with all the circumstances and details, I construct, bit by bit, a plan of accusation, which I do not guarantee until it is entire and perfect. If a man is found to whom this plan applies exactly in every particular, the author of the crime is found;

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otherwise one has laid hands upon an innocent person. It is not sufficient that such and such particulars seem to point to him; it must be all or nothing.

Those six words sum up the whole science of detection: it must be all or nothing. The writer himself dreams of some day writing a story in which the edifice of conviction is slowly and carefully built, four-square, like the frame of a sky-scraper, with every beam tested and every bolt rivetted, formidable and apparently impregnable, yet with a tiny hidden defect which, just as the last bolt is being placed, brings the whole structure smashing to the ground. That would be worth doing!

In the Lerouge case, Tabaret builded such an edifice; but Gaboriau carries coincidence too far. It is admissible that both the real murderer and the man suspected of the crime should, on that particular evening, have been carrying an umbrella and wearing a high hat; perhaps it is admissible, since they are the same age and about the same build, that their shoes should be of the same size and shape; but when the author equips them both with lavender kid gloves he adds one coincidence too many. In his desire to strengthen the chain of evidence, he overleaps himself and loses the confidence of the reader.

The question of clues is a most difficult one, for every writer of detective fiction is faced by this dilemma: The really astute, competent and thoughtful criminal should leave no clues, and yet, if none are left, it is impossible to apprehend him. A most instructive paper could be written upon this subject, for there are legitimate and illegitimate clues—clues subtle and convincing, and clues absurd and illogical. To pause only to state one axiom: In fiction, at least, the name on the card found beside the murdered man is never that of the murderer, and the writer who seeks to fool the reader by any such clumsy device is many, many years behind the times.

Tabaret has a worthy pupil in M. Lecoq, although it should not be forgotten that he remains a pupil, with many things unlearned, to the end of the chapter. Sherlock Holmes's gibe at him seems to be the result of an unworthy envy. For Lecoq, though inferior to Tabaret, is far greater than Holmes—more picturesque, more subtle, more resourceful—and with a sense of humour. Probably his greatest moment occurs in *The Mystery of Orcival*. A murder has been committed and a house ransacked, the furniture upset, the clock thrown from the mantel. It has stopped at twenty minutes past three, and to every one it seems evident that it was at that hour the crime occurred. Lecoq replaces the clock on the mantel, and slowly pushes forward the minute-hand to half-past three. The clock strikes eleven.

That was a great idea—so great that no one will ever dare use it again without acknowledging its source. Sherlock Holmes came perilously near it, once, when he solved a mystery by re-winding a watch. But the honours belong to Gaboriau. And for another thing the Frenchman deserves all praise. He recognised the fact that, to hold the interest, it is not enough that a crime should be committed and the criminal in the end discovered. There must be something more than that. There must be a war of intellect, a clash of theories. There must be confronting investigators, one seeking to establish a man's guilt, the other to establish his innocence. For the reader, the real pleasure is in following, step by step, this contest.

In so far as detective work goes, Gaboriau's stories are far better than Conan Doyle's; but Gaboriau tried to do too much. He sought to add a love interest, and in that respect he failed. Every one of his tales is built upon the threadbare formula, "cherchez la femme"; every one turns back for its motive to an illicit love affair. The writer avows that he has no patience with a plot which, for its explanation, must go back two or three generations; so these portions of Gaboriau's stories are to be skimmed rapidly, until Tabaret or Lecoq appears again

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upon the scene. Then not a word is to be missed. Amat Tabaret!

Which brings one to Sherlock Holmes —whom one does not love. Indeed, it is not always easy to respect him. Wholly deplorable are those puerile "deductions" with which so many of the stories open. And in the whole series of his adventures, only three or four great moments can be recalled. His greatest, unquestionably, is in "Silver Blaze," one of the best of the stories. Silver Blaze, the favourite for the Wessex Cup, has disappeared, having been taken from his stable at night, while the boy on guard is sleeping off the effects of a dose of opium. His trainer has been found in a depression in the moor near by with his skull smashed in and a peculiar thin-bladed knife in his hand, such a knife as is used in the very delicate operation for cataract. Here is the great moment:

> As we stepped into the carriage, one of the stable lads held the door open for us. A sudden idea seemed to occur to Holmes, for he leaned forward and touched the lad upon the sleeve.
>
> "You have a few sheep in the paddock," he said. "Who attends to them?"
>
> "I do, sir."
>
> "Have you noticed anything amiss with them of late?"
>
> "Well, sir, not of much account; but three of them have gone lame, sir."

It was, as Holmes afterward remarks, a long shot, but it hit the bull's-eye, for Silver Blaze's trainer, before trying to nick the tendon which was to lame him, had been practising on the sheep.

The writer has re-read the Sherlock Holmes stories recently, but did not enjoy them as much as he anticipated. They do not wear as well as Gaboriau's, and the reason probably is because they are so very British—so stolid, so heavy, so lacking in humour. There is none of that nimbleness of phrase which so often illuminates Gaboriau's; the occasional flippant references to "noble lords" are a form of snobbery far more detestable than hearty admiration for the nobility as such; there is no wit—not a single chuckle in the whole series! Holmes sometimes attempts to be witty, but the attempts provoke tears rather than laughter. He says "Ha!" when he is surprised or excited—changed in the later stories to the still more irritating, "Halloa! halloa! halloa!" He affects a light touch now and then, with a result positively elephantine. And Watson! The most damning indictment against Holmes, as a man of discernment and imagination, is that he was able to endure Watson! Even to enjoy his company! Of course the foil to your principal must be something of a fool; but surely it is not necessary to make him a portentous jackass! Watson's questions and exclamations set the teeth on edge: "My dear Holmes!" "Good God! what can it mean?" "How on earth . . . !" And yet, on second thought, it is evident that Holmes was not entirely wrong when he remarked that he had never met a man more eminently fitted to represent a British jury!

In one respect, a re-reading has caused a modification of the estimate of the relative merits of these stories. The writer had always believed that the earlier ones were the best, but now it seems that the stories grouped under *The Return of Sherlock Holmes* are as good as any, and better than most. "The Norwood Builder," "The Six Napoleons" and "The Golden Pince-Nez" are all first rate. Indeed, in the last named, Holmes touches a height but little short of "Silver Blaze." A man has been killed, and a pair of gold-framed glasses are found in his hand. They are of unusual strength, so that it is evident that their owner's eyes are very defective. In entering and in leaving the house, the assassin is supposed by the police to have walked along a narrow grass border between a path and a flower-bed in order to leave no footprints. Holmes, coming upon the scene, remarks that this is most extraordinary. On entering the house, he perceives that the floor of the corridor leading to the room where the crime was committed is covered with cocoanut mat-

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ting. There is another corridor, of similar width, leading on into the house.

"I understand," says Holmes, "that this other passage leads only to the Professor's room. There is no exit that way?"

"No, sir," replies the police officer, Hopkins.

"We shall go down it," Holmes proceeds, "and make the acquaintance of the Professor. Holloa, Hopkins! this is very important, very important, indeed! The Professor's corridor is also lined with cocoanut matting."

"Well, sir, what of that?" Hopkins asks.

Holmes refuses to explain at the time, but it had occurred to him at once that the assassin, fleeing from the room, half-blinded by the loss of the glasses, might very easily have taken the wrong corridor and gone on into the house, instead of escaping from it. Which, of course, proves to be the case.

Of all the stories, the one whose start the writer likes best is "The Red-Headed League," but its conclusion is utterly commonplace. The most ingenious is "The Naval Treaty," with "The Man with the Twisted Lip" a close second. The most *outré* is "The Speckled Band." The most obvious, from an American point of view, at least, is "The Five Orange Pips." It is difficult to believe that even such a dunderhead as Watson should never have heard of Ku Klux Klan.

ROMANCE

BY MADISON CAWEIN

Oh, go not to the lonely hill,
  That from its heart pours one clear well!
There is a witch who haunts it still,
  Who would undo you with her spell.
Oh, go not to the lonely hill.

There was a youth who, with a book,
  Would dream for hours and hours alone
Beneath the boughs, beside the brook,
  Seated upon a mossy stone,
His gaze upon his marvel-book.

The scent of lilies there is cool,
  Hanging in many a wild raceme
Around a glimmering woodland pool,
  From whence flows down a shadowy stream.
The scent of lilies there is cool. . . .

Between his eyes and unturned page
  He saw her bright face, smiling, nod,
And knew her of another Age,
  A pagan Age that mocked at God.
She seemed to rise from out the page,

Clothed on with dreams and forest scent,
  And light and wind, that breathed and blew;
A water-gleam, that came and went,
  She seemed, who round her presence drew
A portion of the light and scent.

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With eyes of crystal-grey she smiled
  Into his eyes and murmured words
Of love that made his pulse beat wild,
  His heart to flutter like a bird's
The fowler snares—while slow she smiled.

And then she kissed him; smoothed his hair;
  And bade him come. And he was fain
To follow her, yea, anywhere,
  And as her slave for aye remain,
When she had kissed his mouth and hair.

And he arose and took her hand,
  And followed as one does in dreams:
And, lo, they came to Fairyland,
  And sate them down beside its streams,
Where long she held him with her hand.

When he returned to Earth, no place
  Remembered him that once had known:
Save for the memory of her face
  Here in the world he walked alone,
His mortal heart held by that place.

And so he sits where all may see,
  And tells his tale, that none believes,
Like you, who now depart from me,
  Who leave me with a soul that grieves
For her my eyes no more shall see.

Nay; go not to that hill, lest you
  Should fall beneath that Fairy's spell,
Like me, and evermore pursue
  A dream of beauty, loved too well,
That holds you and escapes from you.

* * *

Once upon a time, when the world was somewhat younger than it is to-day, a simple diversion was the Mental Photograph Album, in which persons jotted down answers to certain questions about their partialities and dislikes. There was such an album in the home of the late Edmund Clarence Stedman, and to its pages contributed Bayard Taylor, Richard Henry Stoddard, Mary Mapes Dodge, Louise Chandler Moulton, Richard Watson Gilder, Kate Fields, and others. In "Confessions of an Album," which will appear in the April BOOKMAN, *Miss Louise Stedman tells of this group of literary friends of her grandfather, and of certain curious and significant answers. The paper will be illustrated with reproductions of some rare cartes de visite and quaint drawings.*

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CONTINUITY OF STRUCTURE IN THE DRAMA

BY CLAYTON HAMILTON

ONE of the most difficult problems of the modern dramatist is to map out what may be called the "time-scheme" of his play. In two hours and a half of actual acting time, he must exhibit an imaginary series of events that in reality would occupy several hours or days, or even, in some cases, many months or years; and, in presenting these events, he must contrive to suggest the impression of an uninterrupted continuity of narrative. He is aided in this task by two traditions of the drama. The first of these is the immemorial convention which allows him to assume a compression of time during the progress of an act; and the second is the more modern convention which permits him to summarise very briefly whatever may have happened in an *entr'acte*. But an injudicious application of these two conventions may lead to an apparent improbability that will violate the psychologic truth of the entire narrative; and it is therefore necessary that the modern dramatist should account very carefully for the lapse of time that is imagined between the outset of his drama and the end.

This careful accounting of time was not demanded in the drama of any period before the present. The authors of Greek tragedy, for instance, were not obliged to plan their plays with an eye upon the clock. Greek tragedy exhibited merely the accumulated effects of an antecedent series of causes stretching back through many years; and, expounding their stories retrospectively, it was not difficult for the Attic authors to confine the time-scheme of their tragedies to a single revolution of the sun. A Greek play was presented without intermission and occupied about two hours of actual acting time; but the audience was quite willing that these actual two hours should be regarded as representative of twenty hours. In other words, the Greek audience accepted the convention of a condensation of time in the ratio of ten to one. Early in the course of *Œdipus, the King*, a certain shepherd is sent for, and he appears upon the scene not more than half an hour afterward, although in reality he could scarcely have been found in less than half a day; but this compression of time, in a narrative that was logically continuous, did not insult the imagination of the ancient audience.

The Elizabethan drama did not even attempt to restrict itself to a ten to one ratio in dealing with the element of time. In fact, the majority of the extant Elizabethan plays exhibit no conscious time-scheme whatsoever. The compositions of this period were probably acted without any intermission; and they were constructed, not in a limited number of acts, but in an unlimited number of scenes. At any moment, the dramatist could change the place and time of his story by the simple expedient of emptying the stage and repeopling it with other characters; and the poets of the period availed themselves easily and eagerly of this license. In consequence, it would be exceedingly difficult to compute the precise number of days that are assumed to have elapsed between the first scene and the last of *Hamlet* or *As You Like It*, for example. The truth is that such a computation never occurred to the winging mind of Shakespeare. It was not at all necessary for him to work out a time-scheme of Hamlet's trip to England or to estimate the exact duration of Rosalind's wanderings in the Forest of Arden. The stage for which he built his dramas was incapable of keeping a strict account of either place or time.

The time-scheme of the drama became

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a little more restricted in the plays of Molière, and of his many imitators throughout the eighteenth century; but, even in this period scarcely any account was taken of the time required for the actions of the leading characters off the stage. Throughout the history of the drama, the handling of the category of time has been inextricably intertangled with the handling of the category of place. In the the eighteenth century, a room was represented by a back-drop and wings; and an actor left the room by walking through the walls. In such a play as *The Rivals,* a character walked bodily out of the story when he left the stage, and he did not again enter into the narrative until he was once more needed on the scene. What he had been doing in the meantime, and how many hours were required for this activity beyond the limits of the stage, were not accounted for in the subsequent spectacle of narrative. The play concerned itself solely with those events that happened to the eye within the limited compass of the two hours' traffic of the stage.

But the modern drama, with its precise insistence upon localisation in place, assumes an equally precise insistence upon localisation in time. Whenever an actor makes an exit from a modern box-set, the audience demands to know whether he is going into an adjacent room or quitting the house; and this demand requires an explanation of how he occupies himself throughout the period that intervenes before his reappearance on the scene. Thus, the physical conditions of the modern theatre impose upon the playwright a new unity of time by demanding an accounting of the actions of his leading characters not only on, but also off, the stage.

"THE SPY"

This unity of time is very skilfully achieved in *La Flambée,* a three-act drama by the Belgian playwright, M. Henry Kistemaeckers, which is now being presented in New York with the altered title of *The Spy.* The story happens at a house-party in a baronial chateau. The action opens after dinner on a certain evening and closes at nine o'clock on the following morning; and the structure is so continuous that the movements of the leading characters are accounted for through every hour of the night. After reading or seeing the play, we seem to have experienced not only those incidents which happened on the stage but also all the other incidents of the story which happened off the stage between the acts. The narrative progresses even more vigorously when the curtain is down than when it is up.

La Flambée signifies a fire that is burning low but may at any moment be fanned into a flame. Lieutenant-Colonel Felt has apparently lost the love of his wife, Monique, because of a series of misunderstandings; and she is on the point of seeking a divorce in order to marry Marcel Beaucourt, a young minister of state. But a sudden terrible crisis in her husband's fate makes her realise that she has loved him all along; and, returning to her allegiance in her husband's hour of need, she renounces her relation with Beaucourt.

This is the theme of the play; and it should be noted that the theme is psychological. But in order to create a sufficiently emphatic crisis in the husband's fate, it was necessary for the author to involve him in a melodramatic mesh of incidents. With admirable art, the play is so planned that the melodrama happens off the stage between the acts and only the resultant psychological reactions are exhibited in the acted moments of the story.

Felt is deeply in debt; and a certain foreign banker named Glogau has bought up all his notes. Glogau is present at the house-party; and after the other guests have gone to bed he makes it clear to Felt that he has him absolutely in his power. He is about to make a proposition to help the soldier out of his difficulties when, fearing that he may be overheard, he starts upstairs and says that he will continue the conversation in

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"THE SPY"—ACT II

"Monique now rises to the crisis and thinks of a plan to save her husband. His nerves are so shattered that she does not tell him what it is; but, picking up a candelabrum, she leads her husband through a door into the dark room where the dead body lies."

Felt's room ten minutes later. At this point the curtain falls.

The action is resumed at one A. M. in the bedroom of Monique. Her husband, pale and trembling, comes to talk with her. He tells her that he has killed Glogau. The foreign banker had disclosed himself as the secret agent of a hostile government, and had offered to release Felt from his debts if the latter would betray to him the plans of an important fort on the frontier. Aghast at this proposal, the loyal soldier had seized him by the throat and strangled him.

Monique now rises to the crisis and thinks of a plan to save her husband. His nerves are so shattered that she does not tell him what it is; but, picking up a candelabrum, she leads her husband through a door into the dark room where the dead body lies. Again the curtain falls.

The action is resumed in the drawing-room at eight o'clock next morning. We soon learn that the body of Glogau has been discovered in his own room, seated at a desk; and it is believed that he must have died of apoplexy while looking over his letters. But the terrible events of the night have drawn Monique very

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"THE POOR LITTLE RICH GIRL"—ACT II, SCENE I

"The footman has called the nurse a 'two-faced thing,' and has complained that the policeman is 'heels over head' in love with her; and the child now sees the nurse with an extra face at the back of her head and the policeman literally waving his heels aloft."

close to her husband; and, naturally enough, she now turns a cold shoulder to Beaucourt. This psychologic change leads Beaucourt to suspect that Felt is somehow involved in the death of the foreign banker; and, looking at the evidence with the trained mind of a lawyer, he soon convinces himself that his rival is a murderer. He is about to denounce Felt to the police; but the latter, in an intimate confession, man to man, tells him all the facts and asks him what he himself would have done under the same circumstances. Beaucourt is a patriot; and, for the common cause of their country, he agrees to shield the soldier and to confirm the police in their theory of Glogau's death. He shakes hands with his rival and leaves the scene; and Felt is reunited with his wife.

This extraordinary drama is in many ways a masterpiece of art; but the best of all its merits is its uninterrupted continuity of structure. The dramatist has vividly projected not only the events comprised within the two hours of actual acting time but also the events of the other ten hours that are imagined to elapse between the outset of his story and the end. The melodramatic plot and the psychologic plot are wonderfully synchronised; and the stimulation of suspense by the first two curtain-falls has never been surpassed upon the modern stage.

"THE POOR LITTLE RICH GIRL"

Scarcely less admirable is the continuity of structure that is displayed in *The Poor Little Rich Girl,* a play of fact and fancy, by Miss Eleanor Gates. The first act happens in the evening and the third act happens on the following morning; and the events of the intervening night are deftly suggested by certain features of a delirious dream that drifts through

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"THE POOR LITTLE RICH GIRL"—ACT II, SCENE I

"She has often heard the big-eared footman accused of 'murdering the King's English'; and she now witnesses a duel in which the footman slays, with a sword that is fashioned like a tongue, a scarlet-coated soldier that looks like one of her own toys."

the mind of the little heroine and that constitutes the subject of the second act.

Little Gwendolyn is seven years of age. She is grievously neglected by her parents, because her father, although he is made of money, is harnessed to his business, and her mother has a social bee in her bonnet and is continually going around. She is turned over to the care of a nurse, a footman, a governess, and half a dozen tutors, who consider her a nuisance and think only of their own concerns.

One evening, when Gwendolyn's mother is giving a formal dinner-party, her nurse wishes to take advantage of the occasion to run away to the theatre with the footman; and she gives the child a sleeping potion to keep her quiet until morning. But she administers an overdose of the opiate; and very soon the mind of the little girl is whirling in a delirious dream. The dinner is interrupted and the guests dismissed; and all night long the doctor who brought her into the world, and who happens to be present at the party, fights for the life of the neglected child. Her incoherent ravings bring her parents to their senses; and the next morning, when the child recovers, there is a very pretty scene in her nursery. Her father resolves to take a vacation from his business; her mother renounces her social ambition; and together they decide to spend a long vacation in the country, where the little girl may play about like other children and recover her health amid natural conditions.

The most interesting passage of this play is the second act, which represents in three successive scenes the wild fancies that drift through the mind of the little heroine during the course of her delirium. The imaginary events of this dream are subtly synchronised with the

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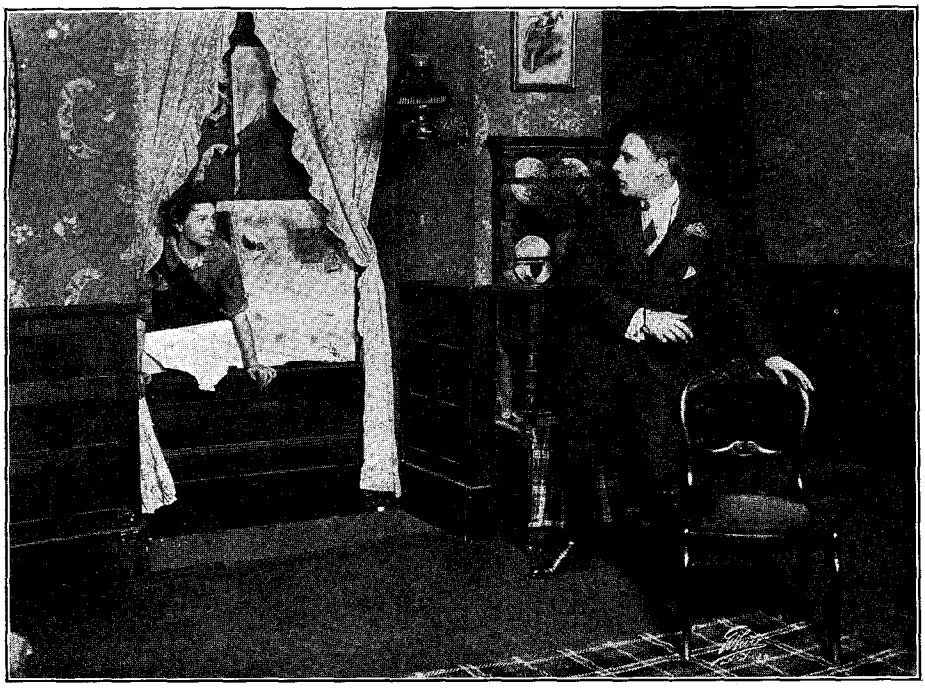

"A GOOD LITTLE DEVIL"—ACT III

"As the grown-up hero is waiting in the living-room, his own self of seven years before climbs in through a window and confronts him with the recollection of his fairy-haunted childhood."

actual events of the night it occupies. For example, when the child imagines that she is being carried up a rocky path through a mystic wood, we know that she is actually being carried upstairs from the drawing-room to the nursery.

This dream-passage is also remarkable for its psychologic truth. Innumerable figurative remarks which have been made by her elders in the presence of the little heroine are now interpreted concretely and literally in her fancy. The footman has called the nurse a "two-faced thing" and has complained that the policeman is "heels over head" in love with her; and the child now sees the nurse with an extra face at the back of her head and the policeman literally waving his heels aloft. Her father appears to her in a suit that is made of money, and she sees her mother going around with an actual bee in her actual bonnet. She has often heard the big-eared footman accused of "murdering the King's English"; and she now witnesses a duel in which the footman slays, with a sword that is fashioned like a tongue, a scarlet-coated soldier that looks like one of her own toys.

This play is very rich in fancy and makes a strong appeal to the sympathy of the spectator. It is subtly humorous and tenderly poetical. It is original in invention and admirable in art; and from every point of view it is the best of all the many plays for children, or about children, which have been produced this year.

"A GOOD LITTLE DEVIL"

A Good Little Devil suffers sorely by comparison with *The Poor Little Rich Girl,* which is in every way a richer and a finer work of art. This fairy-tale in three acts was written by Rosemonde Gérard and Maurice Rostand, the wife and son of the author of *Cyrano,* and has

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"A GOOD LITTLE DEVIL"—ACT II

"The fairies are fond of the good little devil because he is in love with Juliet, a little blind girl, who lives not far away and has a garden that the fairies love to haunt."

been adapted into English by Mr. Austin Strong. The main merit of the original text is its brilliant preciosity of verse; and this merit is necessarily discarded in a paraphrase in prose. Divested of the glamour of its merely literary excellence, the story seems deficient in imagination; and not until the last act does the piece disclose a notable idea.

The hero, Charles MacLance, is thirteen years of age. He lives in a little picture-book cottage in Scotland with a horrid old ogre of an aunt. She makes his life miserable by bullying him about; but every night he seeks solace from her persecutions by communing with the fairies. They troop about his bed in the rat-ridden garret where he is confined and bring him messages from his dead mother. The fairies are fond of him because he is in love with Juliet, a little blind girl, who lives not far away and has a garden that the fairies love to haunt.

But his aunt puts an end to the dreaming happiness of the good little devil by sending him away to the Big Black School at Balahulish, which is kept by the redoubtable school-masters, Old Nick Senior and Old Nick Junior. For two years the little blind girl waits without news of him in her fairy-haunted garden. Then, one day, he breaks out of school with a dozen of the other boys, and comes to Juliet in the garden, and swears that he will love her to the end of time.

Charles is pursued by the two principals and by his aunt; and he is about to be sent back to the Big Black School, when a solicitor arrives from London with the news that his uncle has died and left him an enormous fortune, together with the title of Lord Colinton of Pilrig. Amid the cheers of his school-mates, the

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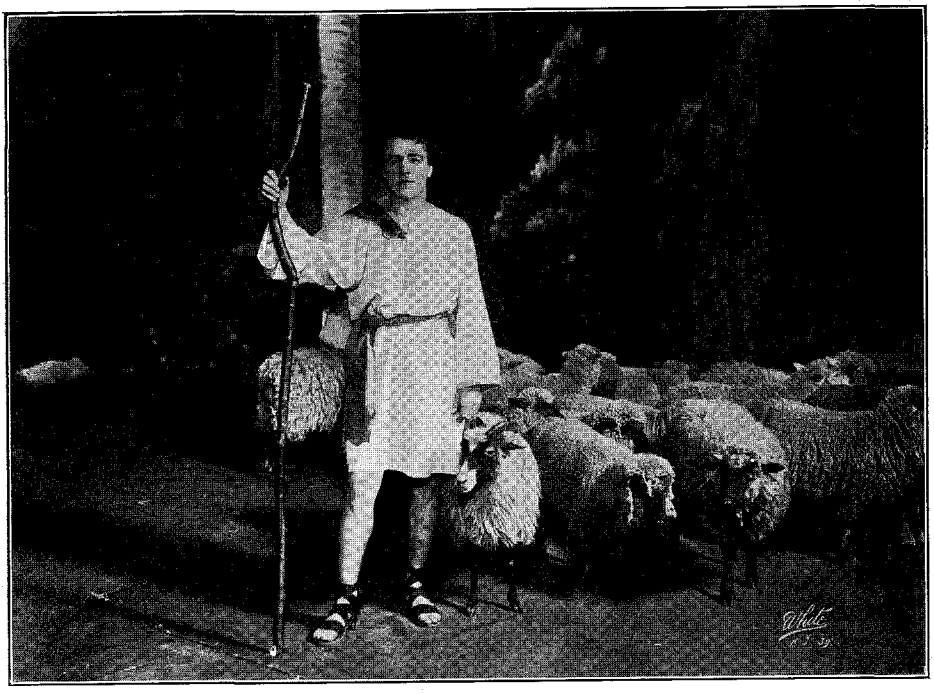

"JOSEPH AND HIS BRETHREN"—ACT I, SCENE I

"The author has picked out the most interesting incidents in the Bibical chronicle and set them forth with a sumptuous accompaniment of scenery."

hero says good-bye to Juliet and goes away to assume his new station in the world.

Seven years later he is brought back to the little picture-book cottage by the news that his aunt is dying. He is now completely spoiled. He has forgotten all about the little blind girl, and has engaged himself to marry a shallow-hearted beauty of noble name. He swaggers about his old home as if he had never seen it in his life. But as he is waiting in the living-room, his own self of seven years before climbs in through a window and confronts him with the recollection of his fairy-haunted childhood. Overwhelmed by the recurrence of old memories, he resolves to settle down in the little cottage; and, renouncing his titled fiancée, he marries the faithful Juliet and lives happily forever after.

The one big moment in this play is the dialogue in the last act between the youth of twenty and his own forgotten self of thirteen; but in the first two acts the invention seems a little thin. The piece is prettily fanciful; but, as a whole, it seems deficient in imagination.

"JOSEPH AND HIS BRETHREN"

Joseph and His Brethren is a panoramic play in four acts and thirteen scenes by Mr. Louis M. Parker. The author has picked out the most interesting incidents in the Biblical chronicle and set them forth with a sumptuous accompaniment of scenery. Some of the details of architecture and of costume are incorrect in archæology; but the spectacle, as a whole, is more appealing than either of its two predecessors on the boards of the Century Theatre.

The history of Joseph is more novelistic than dramatic; but Mr. Parker has succeeded in making genuine drama out of the episode of Potiphar's wife. In

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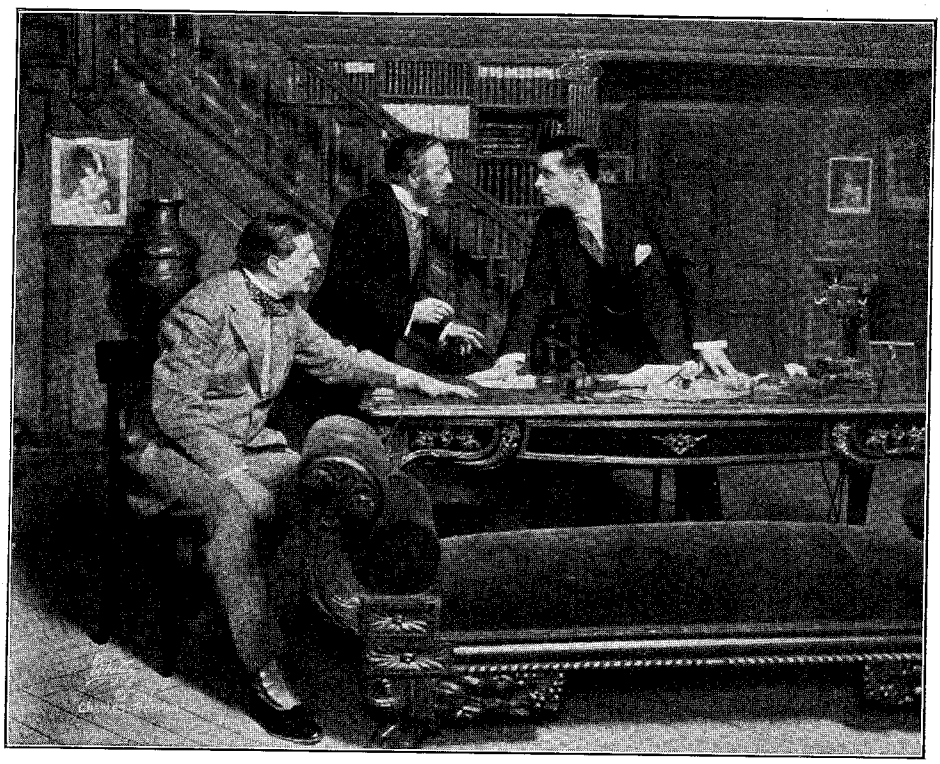

"THE NEW SECRETARY"—ACT II

"The secretary discovers that Garnier is a party to a plot to defraud the family of a large sum of money."

such a moving-picture play as this, no careful time-scheme is required; and the story drifts through many years without arousing a desire to demand a knowledge of what happens in the pauses of the narrative. This type of drama is, of course, an anachronism at the present day; but it is exactly suited to the requirements of the anachronistic auditorium that served as the mausoleum of our hopes for the New Theatre.

"THE NEW SECRETARY"

Le Cœur Dispose, by M. Francis de Croisset, the playwright who dramatised *Arsène Lupin,* enjoyed a long run in Paris; but very little merit is disclosed in the English adaptation by Mr. Cosmo Gordon Lennox, entitled *The New Secretary.* The piece is a conventional example of the goody-goody type of comedy that is affected by French authors when they make up their minds to write for school-girls. It is much in the mood of *Le Roman d'un Jeune Homme Pauvre,* —a mood that seems a little artificial nowadays.

The new secretary is an ambitious young man who is employed by a wealthy family. He is duly scorned by the proud young daughter of the house, who betroths herself, almost before the very eyes of the secretary, to a certain Baron Garnier. But the secretary discovers that Garnier is a party to a plot to defraud the family of a large sum of money, and quite properly reveals the facts to his employer. Instead of receiving thanks for his fidelity, he is severely reprimanded for transgressing the boundaries of his subservient position. It is, perhaps, his pitiable unpopularity

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that makes the heroine ultimately love him. At any rate, having broken her engagement to the Baron, she drifts into the secretary's arms.

"THE UNWRITTEN LAW"

The main defect of *The Unwritten Law,* by Mr. Edwin Milton Royle, is its lack of continuity of structure. The piece is set in a little Western city. A drunken husband named John Wilson deserts his wife and children, and they are befriended by a genial Irishman named Larry McCarthy, who keeps a saloon across the way. Larry is the soul of kindliness. In the second act he comes to board with Mrs. Wilson, and agrees to marry her as soon as she secures a divorce.

As soon as the curtain rises on the third act, we perceive that the character of Larry is completely altered. He has become ensnared by a light woman whom he used to love and has decided to desert Mrs. Wilson. We are not at all prepared for this alteration in his character, which is arbitrarily assumed to have occurred between the acts; and at this point the logical continuity of the story breaks down completely. When Larry violently refuses to marry Mrs. Wilson, she stabs him with a carving-knife and kills him.

At this providential moment her former husband turns up, and, taking the knife out of her hand, surrenders himself to the police. Nothing has been said or shown to account for the movements of the husband throughout the long period of his absence nor to explain why he should reappear at this precise moment. The shock of the murder robs Mrs. Wilson of her memory; but in one of those scenes of hypnotism which occur so frequently on the contemporary stage, she is cast into a trance and made to confess the facts. Several members of the Grand Jury who are present agree that the situation does not warrant an indictment for murder; and both Mrs. Wilson and her erstwhile husband are set free.

This is a very gloomy melodrama; and since it has no theme, the misery that is meted out to the heroine seems to be gratuitously cruel. It is, in several passages, well written; but this minor literary merit does not compensate for its defects of structure.

* * *

In the April BOOKMAN, *Mr. Hamilton will discuss "The One-Act Play." The technical problems of this special type of drama will be analysed, and several recent examples of the type will be reviewed. The writer will also explain the business conditions which thus far have prevented the one-act play from assuming in America the importance that it has attained in Europe.*

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SOME UNPUBLISHED LETTERS OF WILKIE COLLINS

Being Part of the Correspondence of the English Novelist with Paul Hamilton Hayne, the American Poet

EDITED BY WILLIAM H. HAYNE

Paul Hamilton Hayne, the American poet, had a wide correspondence with English and American authors of his time, and among the former Wilkie Collins was very prominent, as will be shown through the following hitherto unpublished letters. The correspondence covers the years 1884-1885.

In the spring of 1884, Mr. Hayne, from his home, Copse Hill, near Augusta, Georgia, wrote Collins a letter of congratulation in regard to his work in general, but with especial reference to *The Woman in White*.

In plot and character-drawing, Mr. Hayne considered that book Wilkie Collins's masterpiece, and heartily agreed with the critics who, shortly after the publication of the story, pronounced Count Fosco a unique creation in villainy. In Mr. Collins's cordial response to Mr. Hayne's first letter, it will be seen that he preferred the novel of incident to the story of analysis and trivial detail, and in this preference the American was in entire accord with him. In fact, their literary points of view frequently met—especially in the case of Charles Reade, whom both regarded as an intellectual giant, and among "the last of the Romans" in romance.

Mr. Collins and Mr. Hayne knew each other only through the medium of correspondence, but their genial interchange of ideas at the beginning ripened into a genuine friendship, and continued unbroken until the end, Mr. Hayne dying about six months after the last of the letters here printed. Mr. Collins's first letter is as follows:

90, Gloucester Place,
Portman Square. W.
London,
3rd May, 1884.

My dear Sir,

I am sure I need not tell you that your kind letter has pleased and encouraged me. You are known to me already by name—and your favourable opinion is one of the rewards of my literary career which I honestly prize.

Your estimate of the value of the last new school of novel-writing is my estimate too. We are living in a period of "decline and fall," in the art of writing fiction. To allude to your country alone, when I read for the hundredth time "The Deerslayer" or "The Red Rover"—and when I find myself yawning over the last new work of (let us say) Mr. Blank, the enormous depth of the literary downfall in which I find myself plunged, does really astonish me. In this country, we have lately lost one of the "last of the Romans"—my dear old friend Charles Reade. I look out for the new writer, among us, who is to fill that vacant place—and I fail to see him. Like the hero of old Dumas' magnificent story (Monte-Cristo), we must say to each other: "Wait, and hope." Art, as you have no doubt remarked, is above the operation of the ordinary laws of supply and demand. The influences which produce great—and I will even say good—writers are entirely beyond the reach of human investigation. It may be hundreds of years, or it may be only hundreds of days, before another Fenimore Cooper appears in America, or another Walter Scott in England. I call these two—and Balzac—the three Kings of Fiction.

I am sure I need not say that I shall receive your Poems gratefully, as one more proof of your friendly feeling towards me, and towards my stories.

Believe me with esteem and regard,
Most truly yours,
Wilkie Collins.

To
Mr. Paul Hamilton Hayne.

My health varies a great deal. Gout and work and age (I was sixty years old in January last) try to persuade me to lay down

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my pen, after each new book—but, well or ill, I go on—and I am now publishing (periodically) a new story, with the quaint title of "I Say No," which I hope may interest you when it is finished.

There was an interval of several months between Mr. Collins's first and second letter, which the English novelist fully explains.

He acknowledges the receipt of the edition of Hayne's Poems, published by D. Lothrop and Company, Boston, in 1882—before the correspondence began—and mentions the verses that appealed to him after a first reading. He also expresses his general likes and dislikes in poetry. Two strong points in this letter are his indignant protest against the literary piracy of certain publishers of that period, and his sympathy with Hayne in the suffering and loss that followed the Civil War.

90, GLOUCESTER PLACE,
PORTMAN SQUARE.
LONDON, W.
16 July, 1884.

DEAR MR. HAYNE,

In one of her letters or her prefaces, George Sand declares that of all the wretchedest forms of mortal weariness the fatigue produced by hard work of the brain is the most complete. My otherwise unpardonable silence offers to you its only excuse under the protection of George Sand. The last ten or twelve chapters of "I Say No" were written without rest—or intermission (except when I was eating or sleeping). And when the effort was over a more prostrate wretch could hardly have been found in all this great city than your friend. But why work at this headlong rate? you will ask. Because, at sixty years old, I have not yet learnt to control the rage that possesses me under a strong sense of injustice—or, in plain English, under a sense of the robberies committed on me, and on my American publishers, by the pirates. Each weekly part of my story was stolen *the day after it appeared* in Harper's newspaper*—and this in a great country which recognises the rights of literary property, in the case of its own citizens! The one way of "circumventing" these wretches—and of "helping my publishers round to their money" (in our commercial English phrase) was to get in advance of the printed sheet, and to send the conclusion of the story to Messrs. Harper in manuscript, so that the republication in book-form might appear in the United States before the last weekly parts were published. By this time, no doubt, the book is stolen also. But at any rate the Harpers have had the first of the market!

I should not have troubled you with this little grievance of mine but for one consideration. It explains the delay that has occurred on my part as one of your readers. I could look at your beautiful volume—I could feel sincerely grateful for the kindness which had made this welcome addition to my library—but I was utterly unworthy of your poems, until my mind had rested a little. Only at the beginning of this week have I begun to read you—confining myself at first to the shorter poems. May I pick out my favourites, *thus far?* They are, "By the Autumn Sea," "The Dryad of the Pine," and "Love's Autumn." These three represent many others in which I find true poetical feeling expressed delightfully in truly poetical language. To my mind, this is a very rare quality in the present time. Affectation of language, and obscurity of meaning—no matter what popular names may be attached to them—always produce the same result, in my case. I close the book, and deny that the writer is a poet. He *must* please me, he *must* excite some feeling in me, at a first reading, or I will have nothing to do with him. All good poetry, I know, improves on acquaintance—but what I insist on is, a favourable impression at starting. Excepting Tennyson (in his shorter poems) I read hardly any modern poetry with pleasure. What I like in your poetry (so far as I yet know it) is—that it makes me feel, and that it has *not* stopped me with detestable doubts whether I do, or do not, understand what you are saying to me. Shall I astonish you if I confess that I read Walter Scott's poetry with admiration and delight—and shall I add that I believe Byron to be beyond comparison the greatest poet that has sung since

*In order that there may be no misreading of this sentence—Messrs. Harper and Brothers were the legitimate purchasers.—EDITOR.

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Milton? Now you know what my criticism is worth!

While I am thanking you for your Poems, let me add my thanks for your last letter, and for the enclosure. Absence from London until this afternoon—and the near approach of the post hour—have not allowed me to read the "In Memoriam" to-day. I shall take it with me when I return to the country, and I will with the greatest pleasure offer it to one of the best of *our* periodicals here, as soon as you write again and give me leave to do you this little service. Let me add that the sooner the permission reaches me the better it may be.

I have never read the story by Reade which you mention. To my knowledge, it has not been published yet in England. It will no doubt appear in the forthcoming volume of Reade's short stories. When he made use, in other cases, of French literature, he always obtained the author's permission, and paid for the right of using his ideas. In my opinion, he would have done better to trust to his own invention. He knew that I disliked the idea of his borrowing from anybody—and we never spoke of his literary relations with French writers.

Looking at the pretty little engraving of your home, I wish I could see the home itself. But I don't like to read of those sufferings and losses which you allude to with such admirable patience—and I will not trust myself even to think of your war. There are people who still write, and even talk of "the *God* of Battles." What a gross injustice done to the Devil!

In what you so kindly say of my books, the reference to "Poor Miss Finch" especially pleases me. English readers in general have never done me justice in the case of this story. In Germany, I hear that they go to the other extreme, and rank "Poor Miss Finch" as the best of all my works, with the one exception of "The Woman in White."

This unmercifully long letter must come to an end somewhere—and my paper suggests that it may be in this place. In saying goodbye for the present, let me beg to be kindly remembered to Mrs. Hayne, and believe me,

Always truly yours,
WILKIE COLLINS.

Excuse these wretched slips of paper. My desk is left in the country. I take what I can find, and will appear in a more respectable form next time.

It has just occurred to me to send you a really beautiful photograph portrait taken of me by Sarony of New York—*ten years since.* The more recent portraits, taken in England, are nothing like so good *as works of art.*

The next two letters refer to a poem of Hayne's which Collins tried unsuccessfully to have republished in an English magazine. The poem was in memory of Charles Reade, and had first appeared in *The Independent,* of New York. In his letter of August 18th Wilkie Collins suggests the throwing over of the barriers of formality in their correspondence.

90, GLOUCESTER PLACE,
PORTMAN SQUARE. W.
LONDON,
18th Aug., 1884.

DEAR MR. HAYNE—

No! Let us consent, on either side, to drop formal "Mr."—and begin again.

DEAR HAYNE,

I have been idling on the banks of the Thames—and I have only time enough (before I go away again this afternoon) to thank you for your friendly and interesting letter—and to add that I have sent your "In Memoriam" poem to Mr. Chatto (of the firm of "Chatto and Windus") Reade's publisher and friend. I hope to send you a favourable report in a few days—if Mr. Chatto is in London (in August!). If he is away, I may, very unwillingly, be obliged to trust to your indulgence to excuse a little delay in the arrival of my next letter. We have an African temperature here—and everybody who can get away from London has escaped.

Piles of unanswered letters are on my desk. I have just time enough to beg you to give my kindest remembrance to Mrs. Hayne and to your son, and to say goodbye for the present.

Always most truly yours,
WILKIE COLLINS.

The poem mentioned in this note (September 15, 1885) was a printed

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copy of the "In Memoriam" to which reference has been made.

RAMSGATE,
ENGLAND,
15th September, 1884.

I have been for some time past, still out of the reach of letters and telegrams, cruising at sea. This, my dear Hayne, is my only excuse for not having written to you at an earlier date. Even now, I don't write very willingly—for I am sorry to announce that I have failed to induce Chatto and Windus to re-publish your "In Memoriam" verses. The obstacle in the way is "a rule" which forbids them to receive any poetical contribution to their magazines which has been already published elsewhere.

On my return to London, it is needless to say that I shall "try again"—and I sincerely hope with better success. The one difficulty in our way is that English periodicals which are worthy of you—(and I shall take care that you do not appear in any others)—seldom publish poetry for its own sake. Short verses, which fit into half pages, are I am ashamed to say, the verses most generally published. I heard one editor—maddened by a deluge of volunteer rhymes—declare that everything that had ever been said in poetry might have been better said in prose!!! We thought it was a joke and laughed at him. The unhappy man stared indignantly, and appeared to think us an audience quite unworthy of him.

We sail away again in a few hours—and, oh, I have so many letters to write!

With kindest remembrance.

Ever yours,
W. C.

In the communication of January 28, 1885, Mr. Collins writes of his ill health, and thanks Mr. Hayne for a personal tribute in verse, which he evidently valued highly. He concludes his letter by saying he has just drank a health toast to Hayne for January 1st, which was the poet's birthday.

90, GLOUCESTER PLACE,
PORTMAN SQUARE. W.
LONDON,
28th January, 1885.

The bodily part of you, my dear friend, lives at Copse Hill. That, I don't deny. But the spiritual part of you, I firmly believe, crossed the Atlantic not long since—discovered that I was sorely in want of some encouragement—and sent me, not only the kindest of letters, but a tribute of poetry which I receive as one of the memorable events in my literary life—which I read with admiration—and which I shall remember gratefully to the end of my days.

That middle-age oracle had his reasons for not speaking plainly. He is one of the men whom I hate most—a discreet man. If he had been bold enough to tell the truth, he would have answered you in these words:

"Look here, Paul Hamilton Hayne! The less you say about your friend Wilkie Collins the better. His stars, for the last three months, have given him up as a bad job. He went to sea with the ridiculous idea (at his age!) of restoring his youth. He left his ship with the animal spirits of five and twenty, and the splendid complexion of the days when he was a truly beautiful baby—he returned to London—and the next morning, when he approached the looking-glass to brush his hair and his beard, he perceived a red streak in his left eye. In three days more, his eye was the colour of a (cooked) lobster. The Gout-Fiend had got him. The Gout-Fiend bored holes in his eye with a red-hot needle. Calomel and Colchicum knocked him down, and said (through the medium of the Doctor): 'Wilkie, it's all for your good.' Laudanum—divine laudanum—was his only friend. He got better—then worse again—then better—then worse once more. If you could see him now, writing to you on a foggy London evening, you would find his eye restored at last to its right colour and to its sight, but left so weak that he is obliged to protect it from artificial light (only candlelight) with a patch. There is the sad story of W. C.—and that is why he has not written to you long ago.'"

The Oracle having spoken, I may end my letter in my own proper person. Let us make believe, as the children say, that it is only the 1st of January—and let me, with all my heart, wish the happiest of new years to you, and to everyone dear to you at home. I could write much more—but I must spare the sound eye (especially after a long day's

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work on the first chapters of a new novel) and ask you to consider my letters as periodical publications "to be continued."

Always most truly yours,

WILKIE COLLINS.

I have just seen your postscript—and have just drunk a whole wine-glass full of weak brandy and water(!) to your health and to a long succession of birthdays. Oh dear! I remember the happy time when it would have been a bottle of dry champagne!

The characteristic note (August 17, 1885) enclosed the proof-sheets of "The Ghost's Touch," a short story which deals with the occult, of which Collins was very fond.

He treats that subject impressively in the dream-sequences of *Armadale* (the favourite child of his fancy) and far less effectively in *The Two Destinies,* one of his later novels.

90, GLOUCESTER PLACE,
PORTMAN SQUARE. W.
LONDON,
28 April, 1885.

Let me thank you sincerely, my dear friend, for the printed copies of the sonnet which honours and encourages me—and which (far as we are apart in the body) has drawn us yet nearer to each other in the spirit.

We have all been ailing in England during the last two months, suffering under a pestilent East wind—and we are all getting better in the milder weather that has come now. I have been following the general example—and suffering (what is new to *me*) excruciating neuralgic pains. The warm sun and the remedies have helped me too to get better—and I now confront my unanswered letters and my unfulfilled literary engagements.

You now know why I have been such an ungrateful correspondent—and you will understand why I am obliged to wait a little, before I can write to better purpose and at greater length. With my kindest remembrance to all "at home," believe me most truly yours,

WILKIE COLLINS.

90, GLOUCESTER PLACE,
PORTMAN SQUARE. W. LONDON,
17th August, 1885.

No 1, my dear Hayne, thanks you most sincerely for your last letter, and sends my affectionate remembrances to you and yours.

No 2. Encloses an excuse for not having sent an earlier reply, in the shape of a mad short-story—due to a wild idea of a new supernatural being who should neither be seen nor heard by mortals, but only *felt*—and whose return to earth occurs in the broad sunlight of noon. (N.B. The newspapers here and in the U. S. A. publish periodically on this present August 22nd, on August 29th, and on September 5th. Please keep the proofs at home till these three dates have expired—or the newspapers may complain, and the copyright may be in peril.)

No 3. Reports me, better again, and hard at work on a long serial story—and at my wits' end to find a title.

No 4. Asks for more news from Copse Hill, when you have really nothing to do, on some convenient half hour.

And No 5 subscribes me (is "subscribes me" bad grammar? I only learnt Greek and Latin Grammar at school).

Your affectionate friend,
W. C.

In his final letter to Hayne, Wilkie Collins begins by quoting the last stanza of his friend's poem "A Storm in the Distance," and concludes with an account of his continued bodily ailment. The letter, nevertheless, is sprightly, and emphasises Collins's love for Boswell's *Life of Johnson,* and his admiration of the prose and verse of "the leviathan of literature."

90, GLOUCESTER PLACE,
PORTMAN SQUARE. W.
LONDON,
Sunday 27th Dec., 1885.

"At last the cloud-battalions through long rifts
Of luminous mists retire . . . the strife is done;
And earth once more her wounded beauty lifts,
To meet the healing Kisses of the sun."

Exert your imagination, my dear friend, and please see W. C. in his bed, reading

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your fine poem on the storm among the Georgian Hills, reaching the last verse, admiring the charming image in the last two lines—and then seeing through his window a dense dirty dripping London fog, extinguishing all hope of sunlight, and showing nothing but the dim dingy brink-fronts of the opposite houses. Add the dismal tinkling of church bells in a distant street, and the hoarse screeching of a boy selling Sunday newspapers—and you will be prepared to hear that I heartily wished myself in Georgia with my poet and friend. The next best thing was at least to see him in his photograph, and to feel (as I did) by instinct that it must be a good likeness—a more *living* likeness, to my mind, than the portrait in the Poems. I have to thank you for consolation as well as poetry, this time—and of myself I have little or nothing more to say. Good days and bad days (in the matter of health)—every week a number of "The Evil Genius"* (my new serial story) to be written, whether I am well or ill—with publishers and translators waiting for it, in England and the English colonies, in the United States, in France, Italy, Germany and Holland. "What *must* be done, sir, *will* be done," old Doctor Johnson said, and said truly, in the last century. I hope you like Doctor Johnson. He is one of my heroes—Boswell's Life of him is my favourite book—and (to the astonishment of some of the shallow literary men of the present time in England) I persist in thinking his "Vanity of Human Wishes," and his "lines on the death of Robert Levett" two of the grandest poems ever written.

My best love to all at Copse Hill—and my heartiest good wishes for a happy New Year.

Affectionately yours,

WILKIE COLLINS.

In the forefront, the Gout has given up trying to kill me—and fierce neuralgic pains (really "angina," but we keep *that* a secret in fear of newspaper reports of my death) have succeeded the Gout. My doctor and I, and "Arsenic," and "Amyl," make a good fight of it—and, in spite of the weather, I get better.

THE PUBLISHER'S READER

BY CALVIN WINTER

THE neophyte in literature has much the same feeling in submitting a manuscript to a publisher that a fond mother has in sending her spoiled darling to school. There is vague suspicion that it will not be treated quite kindly, and an instinctive desire to take it by the hand, so to speak, and interview some one in authority, in order to expatiate on its peculiar merits and bespeak indulgence for its faults. All this is as natural as it is mistaken, and explains why many publishing houses have to delegate some one person, armed with the outward semblance of importance, to meet and reassure this importunate class. There comes to mind a certain gracious and tactful young woman in a large New York house who, in addition to her duties as general custodian of manuscripts, admits that she has to waste much valuable time in acting as a buffer between loquacious authors and members of the firm. And in this connection it seems worth while to give a word of warning against the folly of trying to forestall or discount the report of the publisher's reader. Publishers are almost unanimous in their feeling that an author's own statement about his book can serve no useful purpose. He has either put what he meant to into his manuscript—in which case the reader will find it—or he has failed to do so, in which case there is small advantage in knowing the nature and extent of his failure. Be satisfied to let your manuscript speak for itself.

When a manuscript has been entered

*17 numbers finished, and 9 more to be written.

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in the manuscript book, it becomes a number, like a convict or an automobile; and this number remains affixed to it throughout its whole period of probation. The manuscript book, by the way, differs widely in different offices. It may contain merely a laconic note of the dates of reception and return; or, in more methodical offices, it will show the entire history of the manuscript, during every hour of its sojourn; into whose hands it passes, and what was the nature of the opinion in each case. Some houses supplement the manuscript book with a card catalogue, arranged under the names of authors, which serves the useful purpose of automatically checking any attempt to resubmit the same manuscript,—a practice by no means rare, and prompted by the illusive hope that it may be given to a different and more sympathetic first reader.

Every office has its own system of weeding out manuscripts and assigning them for their first reading. The method depends, of course, largely upon the size of the house and the mechanical difficulties presented in handling the mass of material submitted. The ideal condition, of course, would be for the publisher himself to read personally every manuscript submitted, since no one else can know so well as he just what sort of books he is looking for. A member of a New York firm confessed, in a moment of genial expansion, that he was never happier in his life than during the months of the firm's humble beginnings, when manuscripts came in so slowly that he and his partner did all the reading themselves. Such a condition is necessarily transitory; and the need for a first reader becomes imperative, to play much the part that a fuse does in an electric light system, and hold back a large part of the literary voltage. Subsequent readings are a different matter; and it is no exaggeration to say that to-day in three-fourths of the publishing houses and especially in those that are most alive and up-to-date, the members of the firm are, to a large extent, their own second and third readers.

WHO THE READERS ARE

The question not infrequently asked by the outsider is, What sort of a person is a publisher's reader? And at first sight, it seems to be one of the most hopeless questions to answer, for it would be hard to find another vocation in which there is a greater outward dissimilarity. They are of all ages and degrees of training, from the elderly university man, with a lifetime of vicissitudes behind him, to the alert young woman from a country town, equipped with a scant high-school education and a valuable fund of adaptability. In some cases, it is a society woman, whom a sudden shift of fortunes has forced to become self-supporting; or again a man who has graduated from the advertising department into the literary branch. But young and old, men and women alike, they all possess certain qualities in common; they are all necessarily broadly sympathetic, calm and deliberate in their judgments, and wide awake to the possibilities that may be dormant in each manuscript that comes into their hands. Their business is not solely that of establishing literary standards,—although these must be kept in mind,—but of passing upon a business proposition; their duty is not so much to say, this book is bad, as to suggest what might possibly be done to it to make it good. These facts explain why, although several valued publisher's readers are creative writers, with a novel or two to their credit, it is extremely rare to find a critic who succeeds as a professional reader. The critic has trained himself to judge with a certain finality, whether favourably or unfavourably; and he has the right to do this, because he is judging of a thing which has reached its definite and finished form. The publisher's reader, on the contrary, always keeps in mind the possibility of revision; a manuscript is still potentially something in the course of development; the difference is not unlike that between the child and the adult; and the wise publisher's reader is indulgent toward faults, knowing that, as in the case of childhood, a

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manuscript may be made to outgrow them.

Naturally, no reader is infallible; and the mistake which every first reader is most carefully warned against is that of letting something really good slip through his fingers. A misplaced enthusiasm, unfounded praise of a book that proves to be mediocre, does no more serious harm than to waste a little time, since no book is finally accepted without many readings, but the first reader's verdict, when negative, is in many cases final. And an incompetent first reader, armed with too much authority, may do a good deal of harm through a long period of time before his incompetence is discovered. Here is the actual experience of one New York house: the manuscript department was largely in control of one young woman; the manuscripts she recommended received a second reading, but all the rest were returned unquestioned. Some of her recommendations were in the nature of over-praise, but on the whole her opinions seemed sane, and in no case was she responsible for books that proved to be actual failures. But at the end of some fifteen months, the manuscript records showed that she had turned down not less than six manuscripts, any one of which the house would have been glad to take, and which, published elsewhere, had subsequently figured in the "best seller" lists.

Another publisher, commenting on the above case, said: "This seems to me an extraordinary and unnecessary case. I do not think that it could possibly happen to us, because of the system under which we work. When I have occasion to employ a new reader, I begin by holding forth in a lengthy disquisition as to just what I want in the form of a reader's opinion. First of all, it must tell me what the book is about, what the author has tried to put into it. I want him to tell me what the book *is;* I don't want to hear what the book *isn't*. He can tell me what his own opinion of the book is, but first of all I want him to give me facts that will enable me to form my own. If he does this, there is no fear of anything really good getting by us, even if the reader does underrate it." What, in this publisher's opinion, was most essential of all was "thorough team-work" on the part of the whole office staff; a fearless frankness in giving opinions, combined with a readiness to understand one another's tastes and prejudices, and make allowance for them in the final verdict based upon many, and often conflicting opinions.

LETTING PRIZES SLIP

But, notwithstanding this optimistic view, the fact remains that readers do frequently let choice prizes slip through their fingers. It is not so many years since a patient and persistent beginner in fiction steadily bombarded the portals of a certain high-class monthly magazine, only to have his offerings returned to him with the perfunctory courtesy of the rejection slip. At length, to his great surprise, he received one day a letter from the editor-in-chief, expressing cordial appreciation of a story which had been published in another magazine, and begging the author to submit some of his work. And in the sequel, a goodly number of the stories previously turned down by the first reader were published in that very magazine and later brought out in book form by the same house.

It is a curious paradox that the very fact that constant reading of mediocre matter tends to blunt the literary taste forms one of the reader's safeguards against blunders. It is easy to see how this happens. As already said, when a reader thinks a certain book better than it really is, no great harm has been done, because the second or third reader will check his mistake. It is the reader who blindly misses something really good who commits what is irreparable. But, if you question any veteran reader, he will tell you that the more his mind becomes blunted by the endless reading of trash, the quicker he is to grasp at even a gleam of intelligence, while a book that rises above mediocrity becomes magnified into a masterpiece. "I may over-praise," said one Nestor of the profession, "but the

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more tired I am, the less danger there is of letting anything good slip by." And in further illustration, he instanced one of his own blunders, a fulsome eulogy of a ponderous and dull historical novel. "The truth is," he said, "I was so sick of fiction that the fact this was almost all history and hardly any story was such a mental relief that it struck me at the time as a very wonderful book."

It is a pity that professional etiquette forbids the mention by name of novels that every one knows and that suffered many vicissitudes and in some cases were saved from rejection by the scant margin of a single voice. One of the best sellers of two seasons ago serves as a case in point. The manuscript was handed over to a certain special reader whose verdict usually carried some weight. He was told that the house so far was divided in its views, with the weight of opinion against it. The next morning, when the reader returned with his opinion, he was met with the words, "I am sorry we troubled you, but we have just written rejecting the book." "Has the letter gone?" asked the reader, "because if it hasn't, I want you to listen to me." It happened that the letter had not gone; but an hour later, another letter went in its place, accepting the book unqualifiedly.

Here is the inside history of still another novel which a few years ago was being read and discussed throughout the breadth of the continent: it had gone to two publishers, been returned by the first without comment, and by the second after a personal interview with the author, who refused to consent to the imposed condition of changing the plot to a "happy ending." Every reader and member of the firm had written favourable reports; the book was rejected on the statement of the head travelling salesman that "it would not sell." A third publisher happened to run across this manuscript reposing on the desk of a magazine editor. A casual question elicited the reply that the editor had read only the first few chapters, but that it was obviously hopeless. The publisher, happening to know some of the previous magazine work of the author in question, borrowed the manuscript, sat up the greater part of the night in a breathless reading of it, and wrote to the author in post haste, making an offer for the book rights. "But," he says emphatically, "the editor was dead right in his opinion, as based on a reading of the opening chapters. The author had not caught the right stride until about Chapter V, and our only condition was that chapters I to IV should be eliminated."

SUGGESTING REVISION

Probably the most important services rendered by readers of the higher type —and to a large extent, this means members of publishing houses—is in the nature of advice as to revision. Publishers, editors and professional readers are constantly and willingly giving the benefit of their experience to young authors seekings guidance. Here is a striking instance: a woman of unusual discernment, who happened at the time to be reading both for a publishing house and for a magazine issued by it, came across a striking short story of the South Sea Islands, submitted to the magazine by an utterly unknown writer. The workmanship was crude, but the plot was so strong and unusual that the reader wrote to the author, telling him that it was too good to be wasted on a short story, and that he ought to work it over into a novel. As a result, the author, who had had a life of exciting adventures in the Philippines and a rich store of material, put himself under this reader's guidance; a year was spent in remaking the short story into a novel; the reader's verdict was adverse; "perhaps I was wrong," she admitted, "but perhaps the fault is yours; suppose you try again, making such and such changes." Another year passed, and a second time the reader decided against the book. But this time the faults were obvious, and due partly to advice that the reader now recognised was unwise, and partly to the author's misconception of her ideas. A third year produced a work that they

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both agreed was good, and that received a cordial endorsement of public approval when the house subsequently accepted and published it.

Attempts at revision do not always have so propitious an outcome. A story of American Indians, written quite from the inside point of view, comes to mind as a striking instance of futile revision. A prominent firm of publishers gave it serious consideration, and after some consultation, their trusted second reader wrote to the author, recommending a certain general scheme of modification, which if successfully carried out, would probably lead to acceptance. When the book came back a year later, alterations in the office staff threw it into the hands of a new reader, who wrote a distinctly hostile opinion. The former reader, under these circumstances, could not get the book accepted, even though the requested changes had been made. The best he could do was to return it, with another suggested line of revision. Before the book came back a third time, the friendly reader had severed his connection with the house in question, and the book was naturally turned down once for all.

Whenever it is possible, a wise reader urges that the revision shall be made by the author himself. And, of course, books possessing anything approaching a distinction of style can hardly be revised in any other manner, without courting disaster. But it is also true that many creditable pieces of literary merchandise have owed a large part of their success to a certain surface polish and a little ingenious carpentry of the plot, made by expert talent, with the author's consent. A striking instance was that of a sensational detective story that made quite a hit in the course of serial publication in a popular magazine; so much so, that a Broadway star entertained the idea of having a play made for him out of it. After reading the story, he gave up the idea, because the hero had no moral motive for his heroic deeds, nothing in fact out of which the actor could create a distinctive character. When the story was brought out in book form, its publishers turned it over to an expert reader for revision, and he, seeing in it the very fault that the actor had found, supplied the deficiency by creating a lofty moral purpose and rewriting the whole part of the title rôle. When the actor subsequently read the story in its revised version, he almost lifted up his voice and wept, in chagrin over his lost opportunity.

EXTRACTING THE GOLD

It sometimes happens that a really good story lies buried away hopelessly under a prohibitory junkheap of verbiage and irrelative episode. Such a case comes to mind, in the form of a manuscript that ran to very nearly two hundred thousand words. It was prolix, wearisome, absurd in construction and in characterisation; but buried away under all this mass of worthlessness, it contained just one character that rang true, a unique and poignant study of a little child. Unfortunately, the author was of the type that never can know and never can understand,—and consequently, utterly incapable of doing his own revision; in fact, a half-hearted attempt at alteration resulted in eliminating much of the best material and retaining all the irrelevance and platitude. As a purely business proposition, the cost of extracting the pure gold from the clay by expert help was prohibitive: it was a case of an ore of too low grade to be profitable. Consequently, the one real nugget of talent seems likely to be permanently buried from sight.

But there are other demands for wariness on the part of the professional reader, as well as watching out for dormant genius. The kinds of knowledge demanded of him are of the most motley sort, and often so far outside of his presumed experience that the only wonder is that he does not blunder oftener. Ignorance and dishonesty on the part of authors both offer abundant pitfalls. Here is a suggestive little instance, not very serious in itself, but typifying the sort of blunder that might so easily slip

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past an editor. An uncommonly well-written animal story, dealing with a fight to the death between two black leopards, caught the attention of the whole office staff of a certain popular magazine of adventure; it was really a careful piece of work, and, as subsequent inquiry revealed, was based upon many hours of patient study of a lithe and sleek black leopard formerly contained in the zoological collection in Bronx Park. But unfortunately, the misguided author laid the scene of his story in a Mexican forest, and one member of the magazine staff happened to be enough of a naturalist to remember that black leopards, in their native haunts, are never found very far removed from the Malay peninsula.

TRAPS FOR THE CARELESS

A different class of cases, involving deliberate bad faith, is illustrated by the following occurrence: it would be indiscreet to specify the exact nature of the book in question; but it was a pretentious volume dealing with a certain branch of art dear to the heart of collectors,—never mind whether it was antique furniture, or ceramics, or mediæval paintings or old pewter: the fact remains that the text diffused the contagion of true enthusiasm and the plates offered an allurement to awaken envy. The book was on the point of being accepted; indeed, negotiations had proceeded to a point at which retreat was awkward: when one of the readers, who happened to be something of a connoisseur himself, pointed out the one little fact that made all the difference: the whole volume was a cleverly disguised advertisement of one of the biggest houses of its kind in the country; every plate in the book was a reproduction of specimens on sale in its warerooms; and its very index was a sort of trade catalogue.

A kindred case, which might have led to a libel suit, was offered by a certain novel which went the rounds of the publishers a few years ago,—perhaps is still going the rounds. Its scene was laid in a business office, its style was not only readable, but showed an intimate knowledge of the details of the particular business described; it was, once at least, on the point of being accepted. But luckily one of the readers happened to have inside knowledge of a few little facts in real life that enabled him to identify the particular office in which the scene was set, and to point out that every character, down to the stenographer and office boy, was copied straight out of actuality with a literalness that, if published and identified, would have caused no small scandal and possibly a lawsuit or two.

Lastly, a word or two about the greatest tragedy that can befall the manuscript department of a publishing house: the loss of a manuscript. Most houses make it their proud boast that no manuscript has ever been lost by them; and, indeed, final and irrevocable loss is extremely rare. But all houses have had numerous attacks of acute temporary heart-burn, with a complete over-turning of the entire office machinery, in a mad and desperate hunt after the mislaid document. One case of a manuscript temporarily astray was, oddly enough, due to the extra precaution taken to prevent this very sort of catastrophe. The house in question was one of those who adopted the additional safeguard of the card catalogue. A young author called to inquire about the long delay in rendering a decision on her story, and was told that it had been returned to her the previous week to her address in Arizona. Absolutely bewildered, she explained that she did not live in Arizona, but within the radius of Greater New York. Forthwith, the card index was consulted and revealed the fact that the manuscript had been submitted twice, the first time more than two years earlier, and from Arizona. The young woman then recalled that she had that year been sent West for several months for her health; and it turned out that without the author's knowledge, her mother had at that time submitted the novel to several publishers, and had forgotten to keep a record of them.

A single case of actual loss has come

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to the attention of the present writer. It was several years ago, and happened to one of the largest publishing houses in the country, through the carelessness of a young boy employed to wrap and label the manuscripts to be returned. In some way, two of these manuscripts became confused; and the first intimation that the firm had of the tragedy, was when an irate author wrote to know why some one else's manuscript had been sent him, in place of his own, and what the publishers proposed to do about it. Further inquiry revealed the additional tragedy that the other manuscript had gone hopelessly adrift; and the situation became still more painful when the author avowed his intention to hold the manuscript sent him by mistake, as a hostage, until his own was found. All this is now somewhat ancient history; but there are certain persons connected with the manuscript department of the house in question who to this day do not like to hear the words "lost manuscript" mentioned.

One young woman, with an enviable record for accuracy, when asked whether she could remember of any manuscript having been lost during her tenure of office, replied decisively: "No, indeed, I never have any trouble in finding manuscripts; my trouble is to get rid of them!" And she then proceeded to instance one manuscript which had reposed in the office safe for more than twelve years, and was still waiting to be claimed. "Every month or two," she added, "when I have a little leisure time I send out a whole batch of letters, begging authors to call for their manuscripts, or asking where they will authorise me to forward them. But usually I get no reply, or else a request to keep the manuscript a little longer, until the author has a permanent address."

All things considered, the publisher's reader is a wholesome influence in the publishing world of to-day. His influence is exerted chiefly in eliminating what is worthless and in raising the whole average standard of the great mass of writings that range from frank mediocrity to something just short of genius. A reader's opinions must necessarily in a measure reflect the standards of the publishing house for which he reads; and here and there we may find a reader whose tendency is to recommend changes of a sort that commercialises rather than improves. But this is the exceptional case. It may be said without fear of contradiction that most publishers and readers to-day are co-operating in an honest attempt to raise the standard. They cannot lose sight of the fact that books are a business proposition as well as an æsthetic delight; but they can, and do, stretch many a point in favour of the finer qualities. As one reader, who happens also to be a member of a firm, expressed it: "If we did not publish at least one or two volumes a year on which we were fully prepared to lose money, we should think there was something radically wrong with us."

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THE NEW FLAMBOYANCE AND SOME RECENT FICTION

BY FREDERIC TABER COOPER

THERE is a new note that is steadily becoming more loudly accented in contemporary American fiction, and that at the same time somewhat baffles definition. It is not an organised movement; it lacks the self-consciousness of a school; it is not localised in plot, or theme, or narrative style, but leaves its pervading stamp upon all three. It is, in short, a kind of new flamboyance, a sort of verbal poster-art, suggestive of standards set by the Sunday supplements. It has come upon us so insidiously, along with the spread of burlesque and moving-pictures, that we have accepted it as a matter of course, hardly conscious of the extent to which the boisterous rough-house of the vaudeville stage and the ephemeral vulgarisms of sporting journalese are apeing the dignity of cloth covers. It is only the reader whose taste leads him to rely for his new fiction chiefly upon importations, who is in a position fully to feel the true nature of the change in question, which is not an infusion of new virility, but something more in the nature of a degeneration. The first thing that strikes such a reader is that much of our new American fiction is crude; the second, that it is a sophisticated crudeness, a deliberate blatancy of colour tones, a calculated coarsening of pen-strokes, an almost audible abuse of typographical devices, suggestive of the old-fashioned linen picture-book for very young children, with its flare of primary colours and its vociferous columns of long-primer type. And this comparison is founded upon logic: for the modern generation is becoming a generation of spoiled children as regards the play-time books that they elect to read. We have been surfeited so long upon advertising signs, with their unabashed superlatives and clamorous egotism, that the spirit of them has even crept into our narrative prose. In order to be heard, the novelist must strike a kindred note of exaggeration: his characters must over-dress and over-act; and, while masquerading in the name of realism, must undergo unscathed a series of adventures so preposterous that Scheherazade herself would have balked at their narration.

Now, in case of a movement of this kind, it is useless to single out any one writer or group of writers and say: On your shoulders rests the blame! The books of any age are the product of a demand; at the present hour, this new flamboyance is in the air, and the authors who write more quietly are in danger of not making themselves heard. To some extent, it is our magazines of large circulation that are responsible for present conditions. It is the necessity of serving two masters, the magazine public and the book public, that in a measure dictates the ethical and artistic level of our popular fiction. It must have matter in it that will lend itself to effective headlines, and situations that translated into marginal sketches will catch the eye. There must usually be the expected sugar-plum of college athletics, or better still, a league game, with victory for the home team. And through it all must run an undercurrent of the latest *argot* of the street, the colloquial shorthand of the moment,

Bunker Bean. By Harry Leon Wilson. Garden City and New York: Doubleday, Page and Company.

The Flirt. By Booth Tarkington. Garden City and New York: Doubleday, Page and Company.

Joyful Heatherby. By Payne Erskine. Boston: Little, Brown and Company.

The Dragoman. By George K. Stiles. New York: Harper Brothers.

The Port of Dreams. By Miriam Alexander. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

The Frontier of the Hearts. By Victor Margueritte. New York: Frederick Stokes Company.

'Twixt Land and Sea. By Joseph Conrad. New York: George H. Doran Company.

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the echo of the latest rag-time refrain,—all of which has the effect of making a book ultra-modern for the passing hour, and hopelessly antiquated in half a decade.

Now, the answer often made to this line of criticism, in the course of argument, is that the present-day movement represents nothing new, but simply a different phase of a process which every generation witnesses anew. Twenty years ago, people will tell you, Rudyard Kipling was "somewhat rowdily"—to borrow Mr. James's epithet—calling attention to himself by an audacity of phrase and vocabulary distinctly startling to the survivors of the Mid-Victorian period. It was Kipling's turn then to be accused of owing his style to journalism,—although, as a matter of fact, the author of *Plain Tales* had no need to owe word or phrase to any one, but was quite capable of coining both as the occasion rose. But the vital difference lies in the fact that the language of the staid English press of the early nineties was academic and impeccable, in comparison to our own journalistic pyrotechnics of the present day. If the same process should continue for another quarter century at the present accelerated speed, a special course, with grammar and lexicon, will be needed for an understanding of the new dialect.

We all know the old, familiar argument about the inspired voice of the public, and how the book that appeals to the greatest number of people must necessarily be the best book. It is a plausible fallacy, when proclaimed with sufficient ingenuity; and it rests on one little foundation stone of truth: a book which has the quality of greatness is a bigger book if it has a universal appeal; because it is always a bigger achievement to accomplish two worthy purposes at once than to accomplish only one. But the wide circle of readers is only an effect, and not a cause, of any book's importance. And the same effect may be produced by quite a sordid book, deliberately appealing to the lower instincts of mankind. If sheer numerical strength of readers were to be the ultimate test of literary merit, then certain world-famous advertisements must eventually take a high place among the masterpieces of literature.

"BUNKER BEAN"

Out of a small group of this month's novels, there is one in particular which seems to embody most strikingly the significant features of the new flamboyance. This is *Bunker Bean,* by Harry Leon Wilson, issued in an appropriate outside wrapper depicting the hero bending over his typewriter, silhouetted in intensest black against a pale and hazy background, showing in dim, majestic outline the hero's previous incarnations. Now, as we shall presently see, there are certain things in this fantastic book that may be honestly commended, in spite of its obvious absurdities and its somewhat forced humour. Yet the whole impression made by *Bunker Bean* is more saddening than otherwise, if we happen to remember the group of younger writers in which Mr. Wilson originally enrolled himself. The exact date of *The Spenders* for the moment escapes the memory; but it was a close contemporary to Brand Whitlock's *13th District,* David Graham Phillips's *Golden Fleece,* Booth Tarkington's *Gentleman from Indiana,*—the list might be lengthened almost at will,—collectively forming a little widely scattered school, the product of a new earnestness,—the sort of earnestness which inspired the best and biggest of them all, Frank Norris. Mr. Wilson has gone through a number of transitions since he wrote *The Spenders,* and has gained in dexterity of craftsmanship; but to those who happen to remember, *The Spenders* is one of the books to look back to with a sort of saddened pleasure, as to one more tombstone of a literary movement that has passed away.

But, if we forget everything else that Mr. Wilson has stood for, or might have stood for, and consider *Bunker Bean* in the only light that results in fair criticism, the light of the author's own intentions,—let us see what may be said

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for and against it, as a piece of popular fiction. In the first place, Mr. Wilson has a rather big thought to express, a theme which, if by no means new, he has at least found a new way of expressing: "As a man thinketh in his heart, so is he." Bunker Bean has all his life suffered agonies of self-consciousness and timidity. It has always been acute pain to pass the majesty of the law represented by a policeman patrolling his beat. It is usually easier to walk home than elbow his way into a crowded street car. His soul yearns for stripes and checks of startling pattern, but his courage never rises above clothing of the most neutral hues; and one secret tragedy of his life is that he possesses a flame-coloured neck-tie, purchased in a rare moment of audacity, which reposes close hidden at the bottom of his trunk. The natural fruit of Bunker Bean's chronic cowardice is that, with abundant opportunities, the best he has contrived to make of his life is to be an expert stenographer to a millionaire railway magnate, and to command thirty dollars a week, because he is probably the only living stenographer who can record old Breede's incoherent dictation. He despises Breede in his heart for many reasons, but chiefly for the crime of wearing detachable cuffs; yet he cringes before Breede's keen glance, and avenges himself by recording opprobrious epithets in short-hand, between the lines of the dictated letters. But one day, Bean plucks up courage to consult a clairvoyant, a certain Countess Casanova, who divulges to him the great secret of his Karmic past: in his last incarnation he was Napoleon Bonaparte. This disclosure naturally whets Bean's appetite to learn more about his various incarnations; so the obliging Countess, with the help of a confederate, Professor Balthasar, furnishes him, in exchange for abundant currency, with a fine Karmic genealogy, including a bloodthirsty Venetian Doge, a brutal Roman general, and ending with the first incarnation of all, the last of the "pro-dynastic" kings of Egypt, by the name of Ram-tah. "Can I find him in the histories?" asks the credulous Bean; and the seer answers, with perfect truthfulness, "You cannot! I am probably the only living man who can tell you very much about him!" Now, it happens that an uncle of Bunker's dies about this time, leaving him a neat little legacy, five thousand dollars, of which Bunker proceeds to pay over to Professor Balthasar, for the purpose of having the mummy of his former self dug up from its ancient resting-place and brought to this country. When an especially clean-looking, high-class mummy arrives, representing the cleverest handiwork of a certain firm in Hartford, Connecticut, Bunker stares long into its painted face, murmurs contritely, "How I have changed!" and forthwith acquires a new audacity, an audacity befitting an Egyptian king, a Venetian Doge, and a Corsican usurper. His career becomes one of meteoric swiftness and brilliance: he defies not only his employer, old Breede, but the whole board of directors of a certain Federal Express Company; he forestalls them at their own game, and in a single transaction clears a neat little profit of $400,000.00; he wins the love of old Breede's younger daughter, the "flapper," and bears down all opposition from her family; and incidentally, he enjoys one morning of delirious happiness in the company of the "greatest pitcher the world has known." And then, on the eve of his wedding, Bunker discovers, through the agency of a bull-dog with a propensity to worry suspicious-looking objects, the artificial nature of his Ram-tah mummy; and immediately all his fictitious self-confidence deserts him. He manages to get through the wedding service on the strength of numerous absinthe-frappés; but his subsequent wild talk of Corsican usurpers and Egyptian kings convinces the "flapper's" family that he is insane, with the result that father, mother and grandmother all insist upon accompanying the bridal pair to Europe. It is not until he reaches Paris and stands under the dome of the Invalides, looking down at the majestic tomb, that Bunker Bean at last reasons

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things out, and realises that Napoleon, like himself, was only "an upstart," but an upstart who believed in himself. "When it comes to that," philosophises Bunker Bean, "if you believe in yourself, you don't need a Ram-tah." And this is how Bunker Bean at last acquires a self-confidence which is destined to last, because it is genuine and not borrowed. Now, no one can say that there is not a certain amount of sound philosophy underlying all this. The chief trouble is that the figures in the story are too grotesque, two suggestive of comic valentines, to be taken seriously. Such an egregious idiot as Bean is pictured to be, with his spineless subservience and his childlike credulity, would have lacked the brains to achieve results, no matter how much courage he might have acquired. The whole episode of the mummy is rank farce-comedy; while the scenes of the wedding, the exceedingly rough and seasick ocean voyage, and the bungling interference of the bride's family, are all a delirious burlesque, from which it is difficult to disentangle any structural intent. And the phraseology of the dialogue needs a glossary. For example:

"You're a king," declared the flapper in a burst of frankness.

"Eh?" said Bean, a litle startled.

"Just a perfectly little old king," persisted the flapper with dreamy certitude. "Never fooled little George W. Me. Knew it the very first second. Went over me just like *that.*"

"Oh, I'm no king; never was a king; rabbit, I guess. Little old perfectly upstart rabbit, that's what."

"What am I?" asked the flapper pointedly.

"Little old flippant flapper, that's what! But you're my Chubbins just the same; my Chubbins!"

"THE FLIRT"

It seems only natural to take up next the latest volume by Booth Tarkington, whose name in a literary way has been more or less closely associated with Mr. Wilson. *The Flirt* is a story which the present reviewer has read with genuine enjoyment,—a good deal more enjoyment than were furnished by some of Mr. Tarkington's earlier volumes; it contains a number of people that you cannot very well keep yourself from liking; and one young woman to whom the title of "flirt" does scant justice, because it seems a pale, colourless, inadequate sort of word, beside her personified heartlessness. The setting is one of those middle-west towns with which Mr. Tarkington has previously made us familiar; the immediate interest of the narrative concerns just one particular family, the Madisons; and within this family circle, the younger daughter, Cora, reigns supreme. The Madisons are in rather straitened circumstances; so much so that summer vacations are a thing undreamed; a guest at dinner offers crucial problems; while no amount of ingenious refurbishing can make the family wardrobe otherwise than shabby, —all with the exception of Cora. When she wants guests to dinner, they invariably stay, regardless of the panic that reigns in the kitchen; her taste in dress sets a standard for the community, and her delicate, rose-like beauty casts a glamour over faded, cracking walls and rickety furniture. And the light of this beauty she is complacently willing to shed, throughout endless idle hours, upon anything and everything masculine that comes her way, untroubled by the knowledge that mother and sister are patiently slaving at household tasks, and father racking his brains to know how he is to pay for the new party dress that must be finished for next Thursday. And the only person in the whole household who dares to voice his disgust at the monumental selfishness of the girl is her small brother, vociferous of tongue, impudent of phrase, maddeningly tantalising by the devilish ingenuity with which he breaks in upon her side-piazza tête-à-têtes with ambiguous innuendoes. Now, at the moment of the story's opening, Cora's known victims are three in number: Ray Vilas, whom she has definitely cast aside, and who is rapidly drinking himself to death, in conse-

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quence; Wade Trumbell, plodding, prosperous business man, whose chief pleasure is to hear himself talk, and who hitherto has not succeeded in getting so much as a word alone with Cora; and lastly, Richard Lindley, who, in common with the rest of the community, believes that she is engaged to him,—but of this Cora has her own reserve opinion. And suddenly a new factor appears on the horizon, a certain Valentine Corliss, who for the first time in fifteen years treads again Corliss Street, named after his grandfather, and wends his way to the old Corliss mansion, to pay his respects to his tenants, the Madisons. Corliss has acquired, through long years of foreign travel, a certain mannerism, a supple grace of body and Gallic flattery of speech that dazzle Cora with the charm of the exotic and the unknown. To the perspicuous reader, the man has from the first moment a suspicious sleekness of word and manner that bode no good; and the moment he begins to show his cards and explain the nature of his errand to his home town, we scent the traditional stage villain in him. Surely, Mr. Tarkington might have found some other swindling scheme a little less preposterous than a fictitious tract of rich oil wells in the heel of Italy, belonging to a non-existent Neapolitan prince, eager to finance a company on a large scale, and unwilling to admit his fellow-countrymen to the secret. It is here that Mr. Tarkington's theatrical instinct led him astray. On the stage you can do this very thing: you can introduce a piece of roguery so barefaced that the audience instantly scents the trick, yet complacently accepts the credulity of the victims in the play,—because the audience hears them told and sees them believe. But in a book it is a different matter; the reader has time to use his common sense, he is not misled by the double hypnotism of eye and ear at the same time; and consequently he knows that sane, clear-headed business men could not have been for an instant cajoled by such a flagrant bunco game. After all, a swift exchange of cablegrams could have pricked the bubble within twenty-four hours. However, the exigencies of Mr. Tarkington's plot demanded that the bait should glitter temptingly, and that several hesitant victims should nibble doubtfully at it. Cora is destined to hold the balance of power, and she throws it all into the scale of Corliss. A cruel scene with her father, which almost costs the gentle old man his death, wrings from him a reluctant consent to let his name be used as president of the new company; Lindley's love for her is the handle by which his life savings are swept away; and even Vilas, in his mad infatuation, contributes the remnant of his fortune, thereby planning a trick to test the honesty of Corliss's enterprise. The end of this involved situation does not altogether carry conviction: How far Cora stoops to folly, before learning the full extent of Corliss's rascality and his lengthy criminal record in foreign lands, is left euphemistically vague; but evidently she cloaks open scandal by her sudden elopement with Trumbull. Corliss meets retribution at the muzzle of Vilas's pistol, and Lindley finds a belated happiness in marriage with Cora's sister, who has patiently and hopelessly loved him from their first meeting. Mr. Tarkington never can wholly resist a touch of melodrama in his climaxes. And while he has in the main escaped the taint of the new flamboyance, yet its influence is felt in a certain pervading exaggeration. The old father and mother are a degree too gentle; the incorrigible younger brother, too impossibly obnoxious, the villain too smooth of speech, the whole community too credulous to seem like actual human beings. In one and all of the parts the actors are good, but they have put on too much make-up, and perhaps have over-emphasised their lines.

"JOYFUL HEATHERBY"

Joyful Heatherby, by Payne Erskine, is a volume likely to incur disaster by trying to achieve two things at once and falling between the two extremes. In the first half, it is a delightfully quiet

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type of story that traces its ancestry to Mrs. Wilkins-Freeman and Alice Brown, and that hardly gets a fair hearing in these more vociferous days. And then all of a sudden the scene of action shifts to New York, and plunges us into a wild series of adventures among artists' models and victims of the white slave traffic, ending with a distinctly mussy sort of suicide. The heroine of the title rôle is a gentle, dainty little specimen of rural innocence, and when Mark Thorn, a New York artist, comes across her grandfather's cottage in the course of his aimless wanderings, a pretty and harmless idyll follows, that is none the less pleasant reading, even though the situation has been worn somewhat threadbare. Joyful's family are fisher folk, from father to son, for generations; her father was drowned, as many another man of the family was before him; and since that day her grandmother has never been quite rational, but is subject to strange fits of silent brooding, especially when the grandfather's great love of the sea lures him out upon it for a day's fishing. The tragedy of the fisherman's wife is worked into the warp and woof of these chapters with a rare poignancy. When the inevitable catastrophe comes one stormy night and the grandfather fails to return home, and the crazed old woman wades out into the ocean to seek him, Joyful, left friendless and without money, comes to New York and ignorantly finds herself swept into the unknown paths of the tenderloin district. Of this part of the book, down to her most unlikely marriage with Thorn the artist, it seems a waste of time to speak. The opening chapters had possibilities, which the author deliberately spoiled further on. The Quaker-like sobriety of the first half of the story tagged on to the new flamboyance of the closing chapters produces an effect as bizarre and incongruous as the court jester's traditional suit of motley.

"THE DRAGOMAN"

Here is still another current volume that suffers from over-straining after effects: *The Dragoman,* by George K. Stiles. The whole theme, setting and incident are audacious; and the highest praise that can be bestowed is that for the most part the author succeeds in carrying conviction, thanks to an obvious knowledge of native manners and customs. The hero is one John Randall Harrison, whose father was once an Anglo-Egyptian dignitary of high rank, and who himself, from childhood, has grown up among the natives, knowing familiarly all the dialects of the desert and all the traditions of the Musselman creed. He is an adept at native disguises and has made the four pilgrimages enjoined upon the faithful, undetected. At the opening of the story he discovers that a vast and long dreaded uprising of the fanatical tribes of the upper Nile districts is about to occur; and the weapons for the purpose are actually on their way up the river, ostensibly destined for legitimate ends, and sanctioned by documentary permits bearing the government seal. Accompanying this shipment are a certain American, Hilken, and his daughter, Elizabeth. It is partly love of adventure, partly the charm of a pretty face, partly also for the reason that fate plays into his hands by making the dragoman of the expedition bear a marvellous resemblance to himself, that Harrison puts his head into as formidable a trap as the blind fanaticism of barbarians could devise, when he makes way with the legitimate dragoman, Kris Constant, and undertakes to fill his rôle. It is impossible, in brief space, to do anything approaching justice to the tensity of suspense, the grimness of detail that pervade this story; a mere hint will suffice to suggest its flavour. The real dragoman, left bound and gaged many miles down the Nile, succeeds in overtaking the boat and smuggling himself on board; and when in the middle hours of a stifling night he appears in Harrison's stateroom, self-preservation makes his death inevitable. But here was Harrison handicapped with a dead body which must immediately be disposed of, yet cannot be removed from the state-

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room without detection. Now, it chances that in this stateroom is a mummy-case, with a genuine and authentic mummy inside. It is an unpleasant but not lengthy task to reduce this mummy to fragments and eject them through the tiny porthole; it takes longer and is more unpleasant to embalm the dead dragoman, performing what crude butchery is needful, by the light of an evil-smelling oil lamp, and with the help of a pail of tar and the mummy bindings. The episode reminds one of the closing lines of Kipling's story of "Bimi." "There were things in that room that it was not good for a man to look at." How Harrison, impersonating Azar Hazim, Prince of Konia and head and front of the whole uprising, saved the two Americans from a dozen deaths, how he escaped unscathed from under the very downpour of the upper cataract, how he found the most sacred of all Moslem relics, the emerald crescent with the diamond star; and how he eventually quelled the rebellion and brought the woman of his choice through fire and pestilence, back to safety, is all told in a series of word pictures which are undeniably flamboyant to a rare extent,—but with this important difference: that the scenes and incidents described are by their very nature aflame with local colour; and the danger usually incurred by authors is to fail to do justice to the tonal scheme, rather than overdo it,—while in the present case, the author has struck a very creditable medium.

"THE PORT OF DREAMS"

The Port of Dreams, by Miriam Alexander, need not detain us long. It is simply one more example of the conventional historical romance, the general theme in this case being one of the numerous attempts by the united efforts of France and Ireland to restore the Young Pretender to the English throne; while the specific note is the latent cowardice of a certain soldier of fortune, John Clavering. This man has feared, all his life, that sooner or later his nerve will fail him, and at some crucial hour he will disgrace himself. But even he failed to foresee the extent of the disaster, or to realise himself such a craven as to desert his sovereign at the crucial hour, when victory was hanging in the balance. Of course, there is a love interest, in the shape of a brave and loyal Irish girl, Kathleen Desmond, who loves Clavering in ignorance of his cowardice, and cruelly insults faithful, generous Denis O'Gara, whom she believes to be the craven who deserted his post. Clavering is arrested by the British and condemned to death, but is saved by O'Gara, who dies in his stead; and Kathleen, learning the truth, still keeps her troth to the coward, because she is unwilling to let O'Gara's sacrifice prove in vain.

"THE FRONTIER OF HEARTS"

There is nothing flamboyant about *The Frontier of Hearts,* by Victor Margueritte, notwithstanding that it deals with situations involving some of the deepest anguish that can befall mankind. It is a peculiarly poignant study of the problem of intermarriage between persons of different nationalities: in the present case, between a Prussian physician and a French girl. The details are all ingeniously chosen so that, without doing violence to probabilities, the keenest possible strain shall be put upon both parties to the contract. The marriage takes place shortly before the outbreak of the Franco-Prussian war; the young couple happen to have returned from a short stay in Germany for a visit to the bride's family; the young husband is peremptorily recalled and assigned for military duty with his regiment; the wife, who is soon expecting the birth of her child, cannot follow him at once, and as one cause of delay after another arises, it ends by her not returning at all. Then comes the bitter time when the invading Prussians are quartered at the house of the young wife's family, and as chance will have it, her own husband comes into her presence in the form of one of the conquerors. There is a neat and impressive accumulation of little de-

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tails, some of them trivial in themselves, but taken altogether, like the relentless and steady fire of musketry that eventually breaks down resistance. The end is a foregone conclusion: each heart realises that peace may be secured only by a parting of the ways and a withdrawal behind their respective frontiers. And at the end, there is a clever bit of symbolism suggesting that even the most clearly defined frontier is not a guarantee of perpetual peace: there is their child. And although they make a pact that for a certain period he shall remain with the mother, and later go to the father, each in turn has an unexpressed and treasured hope: "I shall make him a Frenchman!" says the mother, and "He will be a Prussian like myself!" hopes the father, while the reader sees in him only the seed of future discord.

"'TWIXT LAND AND SEA"

When it comes to Joseph Conrad, there are only two classes of readers: the enthusiasts and the utterly indifferent—there is no middle ground. Yet even his staunchest admirers felt a half-acknowledged disappointment in some of his later volumes, because Nihilism and dynamite seem so incongruous to this veteran man of the sea. That is why his new volume, containing three new tales of exotic lands and waters, with the old-time flavour of the infathomable mystery of nature and of the human heart, bring with them a thrill of the old enthusiasm. One would gladly have abundant space in which to revel in a lengthy exposition of each of these three stories, between which choice is difficult; but since the space at disposal must limit us to only one, the choice may as well fall upon "A Smile of Fortune," to which the author himself has given the advantage of first position. It is typically Conrad in its sustained note of subtle implication; he sugests so infinitely more than he actually says. Strip the story of this glamour of suggestiveness, and you have a sordid tale of a corpulent, plodding ship's chandler, in a jumping-off place of civilisation, who once in his life had a romance, deserted an equally commonplace wife, and made a scandalous spectacle of himself by following a notorious and vulgar circus rider over the better part of two continents. And when at last he came home, the Mrs. Grundys of the island could not forgive him, because he brought the circus rider's child home with him; and later still, the smouldering embers of scandal flamed up again, when the dying circus woman drifted to his shore and, cursing him to the last, was tended with what help and comfort he could give her. The immediate story, however, has to deal chiefly with the girl, living a recluse life, never venturing beyond the walls of her father's grounds. It is evident that the father would give much to see her respectably married; it is equally evident that his attentions to the captain who narrates the tale are dictated by a hope that here at last is the man for whom he and his daughter have both been waiting. And in the brief awakening of the girl from hopeless apathy, we get a prophetic glimpse of a long and predestined martyrdom. But once again the reviewer is left with the feeling that Conrad always leaves, a regret at having made the futile effort to do justice to him at second hand. Here is one of the few living novelists who know precisely what they are trying to do, and who remain untouched by the taint of the new flamboyance.

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SIX BOOKS OF THE MONTH

I

Burton E. Stevenson's "The Home Book of Verse"*

The criticism of an anthology is generally an attempt of no very estimable value. For that personal preference which, after all, determines the choice of the anthologist must equally direct the judgment of the critic; and the comparison of their opinions as to whether this poem should be left out or that included presents therefore a mere dispute over indisputable taste. But the case of Mr. Stevenson's volume is unusual in that he proposes not a choice but a collection of the best short English poems from the time of Spenser, both classical and popular: emphasising especially the lighter forms and the work of living poets; and including such diversities as the *Lycidas* of Milton, the dialect poems of Mr. Daly, and the limericks of Edward Lear. He modestly hopes that no really great poem of recent years has been omitted; and assumes in effect the inclusion in a single volume of a complete library of English Lyric. One may pause to admire the modern bookmaking which comprises upward of three thousand poems in a volume neither uncomfortable to the eye nor too heavy for the hand; and proceed without irrelevance to observe the several kinds and values of anthologies which are here incorporated into one.

The scope of all such collections may fairly be divided between the *Parody Anthology* of Miss Carolyn Wells, the already classic *Golden Treasury*, and the egregious five-foot bookshelf of Dr. Eliot. Parodies are in their very nature fugitive and anonymous: blushing unseen among the more legitimate productions of their authors, and not to be sought through any reference to the celebrities which they burlesque. Not many, for example, recognise in Mr. Kipling a genius for verbal mimicry; or remember that the mannerisms of Browning have been exquisitely satirised by Swinburne. Many delicious parodies, moreover, are the casual inspirations of authors otherwise unknown. The collection of parodies, therefore, fills a real want, gleaning into one sheaf the forsaken wisps of many a harvest. And a like want may be filled by any bringing together of a special type of poetry; such as hymns or songs or society verse or poems of childhood.

A similar but more difficult service is performed by collecting, without distinction of kind, the best of such poetry as uncollected would be difficult of access. This most common form of anthology makes by far the severest demand upon its compiler; his erudition must be familiar with buried treasures; and his personal taste, that first impertinence and last resort of the anthologist, wholly conformable to the common pleasure. He must teach obediently, opening avenues down which we will choose to look; agreeing with our estimate of what he rescues from our oblivion. *The Golden Treasury* is well named; for only gold will everywhere pass current, and only things inconvenient to acquire are counted treasure. Of course, the best collections of this kind contain many poems as familiar as "Drink to Me Only with Thine Eyes"; because this familiarity is of their making; and but for anthology we must have burrowed for it among the profundities of Ben Jonson. The precise value of all golden treasuries is to supply what every one may prize from sources which every one should not be expected to possess. In so far as their selection displays peculiar taste, they confuse into the classified type of anthology first mentioned; and in so far as they condense the necessaries of ordinary culture, they sink into that popular thing which is popularly stigmatised as "canned literature."

Of this last it is rather difficult to de-

*The Home Book of Verse. By Burton Egbert Stevenson. New York: Henry Holt and Company.

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vise a rational defence; and it will be more so to place in any other category the collection of favourite pieces from works which it is disgraceful not to read entire. Only the patient need wade through Wordsworth, only the scholarly through Ben Jonson; a taste of each will serve; but he who deals thus with poets in general need not pretend to a taste for poetry. The attempt to represent truly any author by the means of excerpts remains inherently futile: merely another form of our favourite endeavour to cheat the gods. Nothing for nothing is the law; and at the end of all sophistries, a man's reading amounts to no more than he has read. To achieve without trouble would seem vain enough; but what shall be said of him who would be pleased without experiencing pleasure?

That these different kinds of anthology should in actual cases overlap is seldom wholly avoidable; and Mr. Stevenson, taking all anthology to be his province, has in some sort combined the virtues and the faults of all. The reproach of the last-mentioned order he can hardly avoid, in the very nature of his undertaking. Something may be said for the convenience of having Gray's *Elegy, The Rubaiyat, Locksley Hall* and the *Allegro* and *Penseroso* at once under one's hand; but the intent to provide a substitute for literacy, as it is here plainly apparent, is no less plainly to be condemned. It is not to be hoped that any one volume should comprise all our best short poems; and were this impossibility accomplished, each reader would still raise the issue of personal preference over some favourite included or omitted. To debate such instances would be easy and unprofitable. The catholicity of his scheme has aided Mr. Stevenson in the difficult business of adjusting his own taste to the general desire; for amid such mass and diversity of material, the most captious reader must find not only reasonable satisfaction, but many pleasurable discoveries. As a treasury, the book contains much gold and somewhat more that glitters; while as a special collection, it comprehends many types in one: at once a Mother Goose, a pocket Hymnal, a ballad-book and a Ladies' Garland. One may doubt the wisdom of emphasising authors now living or still under copyright. Greater poets are caricatured by representation where lesser ones perish for want of it; and only settled reputations are independent. The omission of such names as H. C. Bunner and Stephen Phillips cripples the modern portion of the work. That the just profits of a writer should be secured to his estate is no reason for permitting the prejudice or cupidity of publishers to trifle with his fame. But explanations which excuse the compiler do not improve the volume: the fault is there; and some one should have evaded or avoided it. The *Home Book of Verse* is, in sum, an achievement both new and useful, and, it is to be hoped, unique; for although one such compendium may be a valuable convenience, a second must be at best superfluous. Mr. Stevenson has probably succeeded as well as any one man could do. For the only perfect anthologist is Tradition; the only perfect Anthology is that one whence we derive the name; and the perfection of these lies very possibly in the circumstance that whatever they omit has been irrevocably forgotten.

Brian Hooker.

II

Anatole France's "At the Sign of the Reine Pédauque"*

At last we are to have an English version of the writings of Anatole France, now that he is nearly seventy years old, and has for over a generation been proclaimed by critics in all parts of the world as the foremost French man of letters of the day. Meanwhile, dozens of his lesser contemporaries have secured an English text. Despite the fair success of Lafcadio Hearn in rendering *The Crime of Sylvester Bonnard* into English, the admirers of Anatole France

*At the Sign of the Reine Pédauque. By Anatole France. Translated by Mrs. Wilfrid Jackson. With an introduction by W. J. Locke. New York and London: John Lane Company. 1912. Pp. 272.

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have recoiled from the delicate and difficult task of translating him until a short time ago, when the present series was undertaken. The publishers have wisely re-issued the Hearn version along with these new texts. To what extent France has lost his savour in this new version of *La Ratisserie de la Reine Pédauque* it would take a better linguist and a better Anatolian than the present reviewer to decide, but a comparison of Mrs. Jackson's text page by page with the original proves it to have been executed with fidelity and good taste. It is not her fault if in our sprawling tongue some of the simplicity and finality of the original is lost.

It is surprising to find Mr. W. J. Locke's introduction a mere eulogy in general terms without one word as to the peculiar relations of his own work to that of Anatole France. Mr. Locke quite obviously and notoriously owes his literary life to France. Much of Mr. Locke is only France expanded, expurgated, platitudinised, sentimentalised and supplied with mannerisms. How he could write that introduction without making any acknowledgment on this point and without any reference to certain conspicuous identities and derivations it is hard to understand. Surely he need not have been ashamed of his origin. Nobody blames him for borrowing from France in plot, characters and ideas or even for trying to reproduce that intimately personal thing, his style. "It is a style," says Mr. Locke, "in which beauty and irony are so subtly interfused as to make it perhaps the most alluring mode of expression in contemporary literature." It was excusable therefore, that he should try and help himself to it. However, Mr. Locke may have thought the matter well enough known to go without saying.

Whatever one may miss of France in the English text of *La Reine Pédauque,* he will find there very much alive in one of the most delightful characters in contemporary fiction, namely, that famous combination of rascal and saint, M. L'Abbé Jérôme Coignard, defined by some as the Gallic Falstaff. Not a very accurate definition, it would seem, for on the one hand the Abbé lacked the flesh and the fun and the robust intellect of Falstaff, and on the other he was above all a man of God and invariably won back all that he lost to the devil. Falstaff feared for his soul and died thinking the red in Bardolph's nose was the approach of hell-fire. But the Abbé, after each sinful pleasure of the flesh, bought the pleasures of the spirit by repentance. He died in the odour of sanctity.

> It is to be observed, my son, that the greatest saints were the penitents, and as repentance is in proportion to the fault, in the greatest sinners is found the stuff of the greatest saints. I could illustrate this doctrine with a great number of admirable examples, but I have said enough to make you understand that the primary substance of saintliness is concupiscence, incontinence, every impurity of the flesh and spirit. It needs but, having collected your material together, to work it up according to the theological art, to shape, so to speak, into the form of repentance, which is the affair of years, of days, and sometimes of a single moment, as may be seen in the case of perfect contrition. Jacques Tournebroche, if you have well understood me, you will not wear yourself out in wretched efforts to become an honest man, according to the way of the world, but you will apply yourself solely to the satisfying of divine justice.

There are plenty of charming rogues in fiction, but you will find few of them who put the righteous so thoroughly in the wrong as the Abbé Coignard. Virtue according to him is a mundane luxury, difficult to attain, but dangerous to its possessor, giving him a conceit of himself, hardening his heart. It does not befit the humble Christian to pursue virtue, for that is to pattern himself after a mere passing moral fashion and to neglect God. There is an impiety in thinking the Church cannot save you, no matter what you do. Therefore, go the ways of the flesh, gathering the material for repentance. And on this firm theo-

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logical basis of M. Abbé is a thief, spender, liar, libertine, glutton, drunkard and traitor, everything but a hypocrite. He is always ready to admit his sins and to prove how necessary a part they are of his candidacy for redemption. And despite his squalid adventures, the cudgellings he deservedly receives, the exposures and disgrace, he is never by any chance either mean or ridiculous. There seems not the slightest inconsistency in his pupil's narrative, which while writing him down an utter scamp comments upon him as a saint.

But none, to my thinking, equals in genius the good master I had the misfortune to lose on the Lyons road; none recalls that incomparable elegance of thought, the sweet sublimity, that amazing richness of a soul always overflowing and pouring forth like the urns of those personified rivers one sees in marble in the gardens; none offers me that inexhaustible wellspring of knowledge and morals where I had the happiness to slake the thirst of my youth; none gives me even the shadow of that grace, that wisdom, that vigour of thought which shone in Monsieur Jérôme Coignard. Him I hold for the kindliest soul that ever blossomed on this earth.

C. M. Francis.

III

General Jubal A. Early's "Narrative of the War Between the States"*

That a man who was graduated from West Point and had served in the Seminole and Mexican wars was well equipped to write as an expert of the portion of the Civil War in which he was engaged, would have been conceded by all. That a man who actually opposed secession until his own State had passed the ordinance of secession should hold himself above public clamour and popular passion was to have been expected. But that at the close of a long conflict in which he was almost constantly in camp or field or hospital—a conflict as fierce in vituperation as in actual encounter—such a man could set down amid the wreckage of his cause, his State, and his home, and write the story of that war in a calm spirit, for the most part undisfigured by passion and uncoloured by prejudice, is amazing. It stamps General Early as a rare and notable soul.

He claims for his narrative the sole merit of truthfulness. But the mere fact of a narrative conceived in such a spirit must give it far more merit than this. Besides the weight and fascination of all personal utterance upon great achievements, especially when delivered with an air of moderation and exactness, here is an utterance that is as clear and downright and as blunt as Cæsar's. Indeed, the book is in Cæsar's temper. Beyond seeing cause enough for the failure of the South in the tremendous odds it had to face, he does not engage in speculation; he states only what he saw and did, for the benefit of the future historian.

General McClellan, he thinks, was by long odds the ablest commander the Northern forces had in Virginia. But McClellan wrote patent absurdities about his campaign before Richmond when he said that his army of 105,000 men had to face one of 180,000. That the Confederate government, with its limited means, its blockaded ports, its population of less than six million, could assemble this enormous army to meet only one of several large armies of invasion was ridiculous; and if it could have got the men, where were the arms to come from? The truth is that in McClellan's campaign the armies were more nearly equal than they ever were again. McClellan was always, on paper, egregiously overestimating his antagonist. General Lee reported forty thousand men at Antietam, and General Early gives detailed reasons for thinking it only thirty, but McClellan reported to Congress that the enemy numbered almost one hundred thousand.

When it was discovered after Gettysburg and Vicksburg that exchange of

*General Jubal A. Early. Autobiographical Sketch and Narrative of the War Between the States. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott.

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prisoners was more favourable to South than to North (since all of the Southerners were in arms and no more could be drafted), President Lincoln refused to allow exchange or to recognise parole—hoping, furthermore, that the guarding and sustenance of prisoners would prove an extra embarrassment to the South. This was warfare, and General Early says no more in censure than that it was against all civilised precedent. But, he says, if it is charged that our prisoners suffered, who is responsible for that suffering? Was it to be expected that we should turn our prisoners loose to fight against us again? Or that men reduced by the acts of a foe to the very verge of starvation and nakedness should treat their prisoners better than they could treat themselves—especially while their wives, children, mothers, and sisters were starving? Many a time he, a brigadier-general and not a private, went for two days on a small uncooked piece of bacon and a biscuit. Why should the fare they got habitually—when they were lucky—be regarded when furnished to a sick or wounded Federal as evidence of a barbarous purpose to cause his death? Why, too, should a barefoot soldier—and they were all barefoot—hesitate to strip the shoes from the feet of his fallen enemy to enable him to go on with the task of recovering his own? It was the policy of the North to circulate reports of the ill-treatment of imprisoned, wounded, and dead, in order to secure a heartier support at home and more obstinate resistance at the front. This, too, is warfare; and against this policy he has nothing to say. But now that the war is over, it is well to allow those passions to subside by which the North was intoxicated in the existence of actual hostilities. Yet all those devices which were resorted to during the war to fix upon us the stigma of barbarous treatment of the prisoners in our hands, are still (about the year 1870) kept alive by the press.

This book is a great achievement for any man and a distinct contribution to history.

A. de Vivier.

IV

Ignatius Balla's "The Romance of the Rothschilds"*

Because the magic of new wealth is constantly dangled before his eyes, the average American has come to believe that his countrymen have a monopoly on millions. To be sure we have had many an over-night mining Crœsus, to say nothing of the gilded achievements of that line of valiant money princes that ranges from the first of the Astors down through John D. Rockefeller. But most of our financial captains operated in a restricted sphere; there was nothing of the kindling vision of a world-wide domain about them. Their only contact with the larger affairs of state was to influence legislation or to corrupt the official.

It is only when you turn to such a romance as the Rothschilds present that you get the true proportions of the great money drama, and it is as fascinating in its detail, as thrilling in its suspense and as vivid in its panorama as the most stirring play that the imagination ever projected. For here is the real epic of financial supremacy; the story of the billion bulwarked autocracy whose sceptre has been gold; whose royal decree has been the bank-note; whose weapon has been credit. Their clients have been kings and princes; they have held the balance of war and peace; across their desks have passed the destinies of nations. When the final money-muster of the world is taken this family will stand out as the most amazing example of the attainment of enormous wealth. It has been achieved by shrewd speculation, perseverance, and fraternal unity aided by circumstance and wit.

Most people are familiar with the principal facts in the Rothschild story; how old Maier Amschel Rothschild laid the foundation of the great banking system in the little house with the red shield in the Jewish-street of Frankfort; how he called his five stalwart sons to him

*The Romance of the Rothschilds, by Ignatius Balla. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

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on his death-bed and admonished them to be true to the law of Moses; remain united to the end; heed the counsel of their mother and to intermarry; how, like Napoleon distributing states to his brothers and marshals, he parcelled out the five financial capitals to his boys, and how they and their children's children kept the faith.

Mr. Balla rehearses most of this story, giving practically all the well-known Rothschild anecdotes and some that seem to be new. He tells, among other things, what appears to be a fresh and illuminating story about the wife of the founder of the line who is only known in history as a sweet-faced, pious old lady, very orthodox in religion, who refused to leave the old house even after her sons were barons and the friends and associates of kings. One day a Frankfort woman came to her in great distress.

"War is breaking out," she moaned, "and they will take my only son, as I cannot pay the money to release him from military service."

The aged Jewess smilingly consoled the distressed mother with these words:

"Do not be afraid; there will be no war. My sons will not provide the money for it."

This little anecdote is very significant of the immense power that the Rothschild wielded all over Europe.

Mr. Balla devotes much space to Nathan Rothschild, founder of the English house, hero of that oft-repeated story of Waterloo, for it was he who capitalised the defeat of Napoleon, hurrying to England post haste from the battlefield, the only messenger, for the moment, of Wellington's triumph. But, as everybody knows, he kept the secret to himself, gave the impression of defeat; and in the depressed and panic-stricken market garnered in the great group of securities which rose like magic the next day with the authentic news of the overthrow of the Corsican. He cleared a million pounds from this coup.

There is one new anecdote of Nathan. It concerns an operation performed on him by the famous surgeon Liston. After the ordeal, which the banker bore without a murmur, he said to the medical man:

"Now, I suppose you expect me to pay you for the pain you have caused me. There you are mistaken. I will pay you nothing—but I ask you to accept this little memento."

With these words he handed the doctor a night cap. Liston, knowing the peculiarities of his eminent patient, accepted it without a word and put it in his pocket. In the round of visits he forgot all about his strange fee. But that night when he took it out of his pocket he heard a rustling sound, and on examining the cap he found that it contained a thousand pound note.

The freshest contribution, perhaps, so far as human interest material is concerned, that this book makes to the literature of the Rothschilds concerns Baron James, the youngest of the original five sons, who established the French branch at Paris. He was a rare and picturesque character and gifted with a sense of humour. He liked the company of literary men, and Heinrich Heine was his friend and companion.

Heine has described a visit to the banker which throws an interesting light on his personality. The poet says: "When the baron is in good mood he tries to give expression to his overflowing humour in verse. On this occasion he was particularly successful with his verse. He could not, however, find a word to rhyme with 'Constantinople,' and scratched his head as all poets do when they cannot find a word. As I am a bit of a poet myself I ventured to observe to the baron that possibly a Russian 'sable' (zobel) would rhyme with Constantinople. This did not please him, however. He declared that England would never forgive him and it might lead to a European war, which would cost the world much blood and tears, and cost him a lot of money."

Baron James, it appears, was very proud of his relations with Heine. He liked to have the poet radiate his humour at his dinners. But on one occasion he

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was disappointed. The banker wanted the poet to shine on this particular evening, but he was singularly silent.

"What is the matter?" asked the Baron. "You are usually so gay and full of witty remarks."

"Quite right," responded Heine, "but to-night I have exchanged views with my German friends and my head is fearfully empty."

Baron James had many interesting adventures outside the pale of finance. The famous painter, Eugene Delacroix, struck with the banker's features, asked him to pose as a beggar in rags. The idea appealed to Rothschild and he consented. The next day he repaired to the painter's studio, attired in a costume suitable to the posing. One of the artist's pupils opened the door, and looking compassionately at the poor beggar, gave him a small coin.

The next day a flunkey, wearing the Rothschild livery, appeared at the lodgings of the pupil with the following note for him:

DEAR SIR:

You will find enclosed the capital which you handed me yesterday at the door of M. Delacroix's studio with the interest and the compound interest on it—a sum of ten thousand francs. You can cash the cheque at my bank in the Rue Lafitte whenever you like.

BARON JAMES ROTHSCHILD.

All the Rothschilds seemed to have had a rare sense of humour and withal a fine regard for courtesy. It is told of stout old Anselm, who succeeded his father in the Frankfort house, that he once paid Thorwaldsen the finest compliment ever bestowed on him. The sculptor was the guest of a large company. When Rothschild entered and beheld the fine presence of the maker of the famous "Lion of Luzerne" he said:

"You look so handsome, sir, that one would think you had made yourself."

One day a hungry wit wrote Baron Anselm as follows:

"Herr Baron, send me a thousand gulden—and forget me."

Baron Rothschild sent the money with the witty reply:

"I herewith send the sum you ask—and I have already forgotten you."

Wherever you turn in the record of the Rothschilds you see behind the glitter of their marvellous financial performance the soul and sense of real men. It was old Baron Solomon Rothschild, head of the Vienna house, who originated a story, much quoted and adapted in this country. It appears that he had a son who was one of the "gilded youth" of the town. One day the Baron had occasion to go somewhere in a hurry, and he took the first public carriage at hand. It happened to be the vehicle that his son frequently used. The cabby looked forward to receiving a fat tip. What, then, was his surprise to receive the precise fare for the journey and not a penny more. The coachman made a wry face and stood looking at the coin in his hand.

"Isn't that the correct fare?" he asked.

"Oh, yes, the fare is correct," muttered the driver, "but the young baron would have given me three or four times as much."

"Indeed," answered the Baron; "but you see my son has a wealthy father, and I have not."

Like all rich men, the Rothschilds were constantly annoyed by people who sought "tips" or openings for members of their family. The first of the English Lionels got the best of one importunate lady whom he met at a dinner. She asked the question point blank:

"What do you think is the best business for my son to take up."

The Baron thought for a moment and then answered:

"Well, madame, in my opinion, selling matches is a very good business—if there is enough of it."

It was Nathan Mayer Rothschild—that same hero of Waterloo—who made a celebrated quip at the expense of a royal personage. This personage needed money, and of course he went to the Rothschilds. Nathan was busy writing at his desk, and he simply nodded and said, "Take a chair." The visitor sat

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for a while; then he arose, and with some dignity remarked:

"Sir, do you know who I am? I am Prince Blank."

Without looking up, the old Baron swiftly said:

"Take two chairs." Then he went on with his writing.

In this record of the Rothschilds you find the thrill of great event; the glamour of court and cabal; the ever dazzling light that beats about the money throne. No world family has yet registered the peculiar achievements of the Rothschilds, for they have defied all traditions by continuous intermarriage; they have perpetuated the mighty oligarchy that grew out of speculative adventure; more significant than all this, perhaps, they have maintained through five generations the integrity and genius of the founder of the line.

Some day the really big and profound study of the Rothschilds will be produced. It will be a chapter of world statesmanship in addition to being a golden legend. Meanwhile, Mr. Balla's book is satisfying and interesting.

Isaac F. Marcosson.

V

De Méneval's "Josephine"*

The idea of writing a biography of Josephine which should be her justification occurred to Baron de Méneval on account of his having come into possession of numerous letters written by her daughter, Queen Hortense, and her grandchild, who afterward became Napoleon III. He thought the accounts of her were much distorted, thanks to the shameless falsehoods circulated in the beginning; and these letters had convinced him that she was neither selfish nor perverse, but rather Napoleon's good genius. It seemed suspicious that with all the people eager to repeat harm of her, her reported infidelities were never attached to a local habitation and a name. The letter which Napoleon wrote her after the divorce wherein he paid so great a tribute to her qualities should silence her detractors unless they were willing to admit him the blindest as well as the most accommodating of husbands. All her life he wrote her fondly and intimately. After ten years of marriage one would not expect the passionate letters of the first Italian campaign, but they still continued endearing. After the ceremony of her "self-abnegation" he visited her or wrote in consoling terms every day for a month; and thereafter, except for one letter about her extravagance, he never expressed dissatisfaction with her. The idea of the divorce seemed to have been only part of his obsession of consolidating the throne, and his tender personal treatment of her when the question was finally broached is supported by documentary evidence. Her attitude in his adversity shines brilliantly against that of Marie-Louise. Josephine envied her the right of following him into exile—a right which Marie-Louise never claimed—and she would probably have obtained permission to do so had not death cut short her weary days. To the last she remained dignified and charming and sweet-natured. One does not claim that she was exempt from weaknesses, says her latest biographer, but in spite of her admitted volatility of temper she played the part of a devoted wife and no one has ever denied that she brought up her children admirably.

André Théry.

*The Empress Josephine. By Baron De Méneval. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company.

VI

W. L. George's "Until the Day Break"*

With remarkable vividness Mr. George has traced the career of Israel Kalisch, his red-headed Jewish hero, from the lanes of Cracow to a violent death in Piccadilly. In the course of his short life Kalisch sees many places and the representatives of many nations; all of them Mr. George is able to describe with familiarity and power. At times his local geography may be eccentric—as when,

*Until the Day Break. By W. L. George. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company.

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on the occasion of a New York dock strike, the police achieve the somewhat unlikely feat of driving the strikers "off West Street into the back lanes of the Bowery"—but such slips do not materially impair the value of the pictures. A much more serious weakness lies in the extent to which Mr. George has surrendered himself to the jargon of Anarchy. In consequence, Israel, the red-headed boy fiddling through the streets of Cracow, Israel the violinist of a shabby Buda-Pesth restaurant, is a far more living figure than Kalisch, the unwashed philosopher, steeped in the literature of social revolt.

For Kalisch belongs to that school of heroes in fiction who absorb all learning with the avidity of a dry sponge sucking water. In this respect, indeed, he rivals Martin Eden himself. All is grist that comes to his mill and it is all ground by him into the pure flour of Anarchy. Ultimately he collects about him in London, a group of equally devoted adherents to the Cause, whose unsavoury deeds and words occupy the latter portion of the book. The sessions of this little club are calculated to convince the unphilosophic reader that in order to prepare the world for a better order it is desirable to be dirty and essential to be rude. These two qualities all the members possess abundantly, but in the end their only accomplishments are the betrayal of the least harmful of the lot and the slaughter of Kalisch and the woman who loved him.

It is scarcely probable that Mr. George himself expects the average "bourgeois" citizen to feel great sympathy with this group of Terrorists he has drawn in such detail. Such a reader will be left unmoved by the fiery speeches scattered so profusely through the volume; his inherited belief that murder is murder and law a necessity will not be shaken by the social dogmas laid down so glibly by Kalisch and his companions. It is much more likely that this cocksureness will merely irritate him and he will regret that there is not more of human nature and less of fallacious political philosophy in the book.

For Mr. George unquestionably has the gift of description, not only of places but of men. Kalisch, egotistic, self-confident, fearless, making his way from Gallicia through Hungary to starve and fight in New York, is an impressive conception. It is only when he has ceased to be an individual and become the Apostle of the Cause that he ceases to be interesting, for now the author deals no longer with a man, but with a theory. "I am not," Kalisch is made to say, "a man to whom pleasure matters;" and despite much vague talk about them, he is not, also, a man to whom love or beauty or the other things for which men live and die matter. He is merely a fanatic in a cause with which few can feel even remote sympathy. In consequence the story that is built about him appears barren and purposeless.

It is, of course, impossible to argue here the truth or falsity of Anarchy as a means of social redemption. But it is equally impossible not to regret greatly that Mr. George has elected to plunge his readers into an atmosphere which for the vast majority can be nothing short of incomprehensible. Fiction is a poor vehicle for the promulgation of complex philosophic ideas and in this case the attempt so to use it has resulted in the waste of ability and material sufficient for the making of an excellent, moving, human story.

Edward Bedinger Mitchell.

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INCARNATION

BY STEPHEN HENRY THAYER

Ye have, erewhile, beheld the virgin fold
  Of leaf within the bud, in maiden spring—
  A pallid emerald shyly opening;
And embryo within the cloistered wold,
Like timid captive shrinking from the cold;
  Ephemeral as the birdling's unfledged wing
  Ere yet was there the happy heart to sing—
Foretokening the springtide's sun and mould.
So, close embosomed in the bud, is hid,
  Until the ripening dawn, Love's lavish dower;
  Then, charged with its dear, immemorial thrill,
By some ecstatic energy 'tis bid
  To blossom—to evolve its priceless flower
  And steep the heart with rose and daffodil!

THE BOOK MART

SALES OF BOOKS DURING THE MONTH

The following is a list of the most popular new books in order of demand as sold between the 1st of January and the 1st of February.

NEW YORK CITY

FICTION

1. Andrew the Glad. Daviess. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.30.
2. Joyful Heatherby. Erskine. (Little, Brown.) $1.35.
3. The Valiants of Virginia. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.35.
4. Corporal Cameron. Connor. (Doran.) $1.25.
5. The Lost World. Doyle. (Doran.) $1.25.
6. A Romance of Billy-Goat Hill. Rice. (Century Co.) $1.25.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

ALBANY, N. Y.

FICTION

1. The Happy Warrior. Hutchinson. (Little, Brown.) $1.35.
2. My Little Sister. Robins. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.25.
3. The Little Grey Shoe. Brebner. (Little, Brown.) $1.25.
4. The Valiants of Virginia. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.35.
5. The Night Riders. Cullen. (Jacobs.) $1.25.
6. The Parasite. Martin. (Lippincott.) $1.25.

NON-FICTION

1. Auction Bridge of To-day. Work. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.25.

JUVENILES

No report.

ATLANTA, GA.

FICTION

1. The Island of Beautiful Things. Dromgoole. (Page.) $1.25.
2. Their Yesterdays. Wright. (Book Supply.) $1.30.
3. The Lady and Sada San. Little. (Century Co.) $1.00.
4. Daddy-Long-Legs. Webster. (Century Co.) $1.00.
5. Martha-by-the-Day. Lippman. (Holt.) $1.00.
6. The Valiants of Virginia. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.35.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

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BALTIMORE, MD.

FICTION

1. Cease Firing. Johnston. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.40.
2. Tante. Sedgwick. (Century Co.) $1.30.
3. A Romance of Billy-Goat Hill. Rice. (Century Co.) $1.25.
4. Julia France and Her Times. Atherton. (Macmillan.) $1.35.
5. The Reef. Wharton. (Appleton.) $1.30.
6. A Cry in the Wilderness. Waller. (Little, Brown.) $1.30.

NON-FICTION

1. Main Currents of Modern Thought. Eucken. (Scribner.) $4.00.
2. Your United States. Bennett. (Harper.) $2.00.
3. Pictures of the Panama Canal. Pennell. (Lippincott.) $1.25.
4. The Introduction to a New Philosophy. Bergson. (Luce.) $1.00.

JUVENILES

1. Mary Ware's Promised Land. Johnston. (Page.) $1.50.
2. Greyfriar's Bobby. Atkinson. (Harper.) $1.25.
3. Æsop's Fables. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.50.

BALTIMORE, MD.

FICTION

1. The Melting of Molly. Daviess. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.00.
2. A Romance of Billy-Goat Hill. Rice. (Century Co.) $1.25.
3. A Cry in the Wilderness. Waller. (Little, Brown.) $1.30.
4. Cease Firing. Johnston. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.40.
5. Joyful Heatherby. Erskine. (Little, Brown.) $1.25.
6. Daddy-Long-Legs. Webster. (Century Co.) $1.00.

NON-FICTION

1. The Blue Bird. Maeterlinck. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.25.
2. Woman and Labor. Schreiner. (Stokes.) $1.25.
3. Americans and Others. Repplier. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.10.
4. Pictures of the Panama Canal. Pennell. (Lippincott.) $1.50.

JUVENILES

1. Mary Ware's Promised Land. Johnston. (Page.) $1.50.
2. Sky Island. Baum. (Reilly and Britton.) $1.25.
3. Wings and Stings. Daulton. (Rand, McNally.) 50 cents.

BIRMINGHAM, ALA.

FICTION

1. The Valiants of Virginia. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.35.
2. A Romance of Billy-Goat Hill. Rice. (Century Co.) $1.25.
3. A Cry in the Wilderness. Waller. (Little, Brown.) $1.30.
4. Their Yesterdays. Wright. (Book Supply.) $1.30.
5. The Melting of Molly. Daviess. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.00.
6. The Place of Honeymoons. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.30.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

BOSTON, MASS.

FICTION

1. The Happy Warrior. Hutchinson. (Little, Brown.) $1.35.
2. My Little Sister. Robins. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.25.
3. Cease Firing. Johnston. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.40.
4. The Rise of Roscoe Paine. Lincoln. (Appleton.) $1.30.
5. Ranching for Sylvia. Bindloss. (Stokes.) $1.30.
6. Joyful Heatherby. Erskine. (Little, Brown.) $1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. South America. Bryce. (Macmillan.) $2.50.
2. A Wanderer in Florence. Lucas. (Macmillan.) $1.75.
3. In the Courts of Memory. Hegermann-Lindencrome. (Harper.) $2.00.
4. Auction of To-day. Work. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.25.

JUVENILES

1. The Secret of Clan. Brown. (Macmillan.) $1.25.
2. Boy Scouts of Berkshires. Eaton. (Wilde.) $1.00.
3. Young Continentals at Monmouth. McIntyre. (Penn.) $1.25.

BOSTON, MASS.

FICTION

1. The Valiants of Virginia. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.35.
2. A Cry in the Wilderness. Waller. (Little, Brown.) $1.30.
3. The Honourable Mrs. Garry. De la Pasteur. (Dutton.) $1.35.
4. Daddy-Long-Legs. Webster. (Century Co.) $1.00.
5. The Rise of Roscoe Paine. Lincoln. (Appleton.) $1.30.
6. The Net. Beach. (Harper.) $1.30.

NON-FICTION

1. South America. Bryce. (Macmillan.) $2.50.
2. This, That and The Other. Belloc. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.25.

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3. Your United States. Bennett. (Harper.) $2.00.
4. The Story of a Roundhouse and Other Poems. Masefield. (Macmillan.) $1.30.

JUVENILES

No report.

BUFFALO, N. Y.

FICTION

1. The Happy Warrior. Hutchinson. (Little, Brown.) $1.35.
2. Corporal Cameron. Conner. (Doran.) $1.25.
3. Their Yesterdays. Wright. (Book Supply.) $1.30.
4. Daddy-Long-Legs. Webster. (Century Co.) $1.00.
5. The Lady and Sada San. Little. (Century Co.) $1.00.
6. A Romance of Billy-Goat Hill. Rice. (Century Co.) $1.25.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

CHICAGO, ILL.

FICTION

1. Their Yesterdays. Wright. (Book Supply.) $1.30.
2. Corporal Cameron. Connor. (Doran.) $1.25.
3. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
4. A Wall of Men. McCarter. (McClurg.) $1.35.
5. The Net. Beach. (Harper.) $1.25.
6. The Lady and Sada San. Little. (Century Co.) $1.00.

NON-FICTION

1. Your United States. Bennett. (Harper.) $2.00.
2. South America. Bryce. (Macmillan.) $2.50.
3. Mark Twain. Paine. (Harper.) $6.00.
4. The Story of a Roundhouse. Masefield. (Macmillan.) $1.30.

JUVENILES

1. Mary Ware's Promised Land. Johnston. (Page.) $1.50.
2. Nancy Lee. Warde. (Penn.) $1.20.
3. The Mountain Divide. Spearman. (Scribner.) $1.25.

CHICAGO, ILL.

FICTION

1. Their Yesterdays. Wright. (Book Supply.) $1.30.
2. The Happy Warrior. Hutchinson. (Little, Brown.) $1.35.
3. Corporal Cameron. Connor. (Doran.) $1.25.
4. The Hollow of Her Hand. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.30.
5. Joyful Heatherby. Erskine. (Little, Brown.) $1.35.
6. Smoke Bellew. London. (Century Co.) $1.30.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

CINCINNATI, OHIO.

FICTION

1. The Valiants of Virginia. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.35.
2. The Net. Beach. (Harper.) $1.30.
3. Corporal Cameron. Connor. (Revell.) $1.25.
4. The Rich Mrs. Burgoyne. Norris. (Macmillan.) $1.25.
5. George Helm. Philips. (Appleton.) $1.35.
6. The Lady and Sada San. Little. (Century Co.) $1.00.

NON-FICTION

1. Lucky Pehr. Strindberg. (Stewart and Kidd.) $1.50.
2. Easter. Strindberg. (Stewart and Kidd.) $1.50.
3. The Quiet Courage. Appleton. (Stewart and Kidd.) $1.00.
4. How to Grow 100 Bushels of Corn per Acre of Worn Soil. Smith. (Stewart and Kidd.) $1.25.

JUVENILES

1. The Rocket Book. Newell. (Harper.) $1.25.
2. Mary Ware's Promised Land. Johnston. (Page.) $1.50.
3. Chatterbox. (Dana, Estes.) $1.25.

CLEVELAND, OHIO.

FICTION

1. The Valiants of Virginia. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.35.
2. Corporal Cameron. Connor. (Doran.) $1.25.
3. Martha-by-the-Day. Lippman. (Holt.) $1.00.
4. Their Yesterdays. Wright. (Book Supply.) $1.30.
5. Joyful Heatherby. Erskine. (Little, Brown.) $1.35.
6. The Rise of Roscoe Paine. Lincoln. (Appleton.) $1.30.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

1. Blue Bonnet's Ranch Party. Eliott. (Page.) $1.50.
2. Quarter Back Reckless. Williams. (Appleton.) $1.25.
3. Change Signals. Barbour. (Appleton.) $1.50.

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DALLAS, TEXAS.

FICTION

1. Their Yesterdays. Wright. (Book Supply.) $1.30.
2. The Lady and Sada San. Little. (Century Co.) $1.00.
3. The Heroine in Bronze. Allen. (Macmillan.) $1.25.
4. Charge It. Bacheller. (Harper.) $1.00.
5. The Reef. Wharton. (Appleton.) $1.30.
6. The Net. Beach. (Harper.) $1.30.

NON-FICTION

1. Rolling Stones. Henry. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.20.
2. The Daughter of Heaven. Loti. (Duffield.) $1.25.
3. The Promised Land. Antin. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.75.
4. Human Confessions. Crane. (Forbes.) $1.00.

JUVENILES

1. Mary Ware's Promised Land. Johnston. (Page.) $1.50.
2. A Texas Blue Bonnet. Jacobs. (Page.) $1.50.
3. The Tom Swift Series. Appleton. (Grosset and Dunlap.) 40 cents.

DENVER, COLO.

FICTION

1. The Voice. Deland. (Harper.) $1.00.
2. The Outpost of Eternity. Hamilton. (Appleton.) $1.25.
3. Marriage. Wells. (Duffield.) $1.35.
4. Friar Tuck. Mason. (Small, Maynard.) $1.35.
5. When Dreams Come True. Brown. (Fitzgerald.) $1.25.
6. Martha-by-the-Day. Lippman. (Holt.) $1.00.

NON-FICTION

1. The Blue Bird. Maeterlinck. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.25.
2. South America. Bryce. (Macmillan.) $2.50.
3. The Potato. Grubb. (Doubleday, Page.) $2.00.
4. Sun Yat Sen. Cantlie and Jones. (Revell.) $1.25.

JUVENILES

1. Nancy Lee. Warde. (Penn.) $1.20.
2. The Boy with U. S. Fisheries. Wheeler. (Lothrop, Lee and Shepard.) $1.35.
3. With Carson and Frémont. Sabin. (Lippincott.) $1.25.

DES MOINES, IOWA.

FICTION

1. Corporal Cameron. Connor. (Doran.) $1.25.
2. The Unknown Quantity. Van Dyke. (Scribner.) $1.50.
3. The Valiants of Virginia. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.35.
4. A Cry in the Wilderness. Waller. (Little, Brown.) $1.30.
5. Their Yesterdays. Wright. (Book Supply.) $1.30.
6. Cease Firing. Johnston. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.40.

NON-FICTION

1. Your United States. Bennett. (Harper.) $2.00.
2. The Promised Land. Antin. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.75.
3. Mark Twain. Paine. (Harper.) $6.00.
4. The Inn of Tranquillity. Galsworthy. (Scribner.) $1.30.

JUVENILES

1. Uncle Peter-Heathen. Stapp. (McKay.) $1.00.
2. The Kewpies and Dotty Darling. O'Neill. (Doran.) $1.25.
3. Silver Fox Farm Series. Otis. (Crowell.) $1.20.

DETROIT, MICH.

FICTION

1. The Valiants of Virginia. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.35.
2. Joyful Heatherby. Erskine. (Little, Brown.) $1.30.
3. Corporal Cameron. Connor. (Doran.) $1.25.
4. The Lady and Sada San. Little. (Century Co.) $1.00.
5. Their Yesterdays. Wright. (Book Supply.) $1.30.
6. The Happy Warrior. Hutchinson. (Little, Brown.) $1.35.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

DETROIT, MICH.

FICTION

1. The Valiants of Virginia. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.35.
2. Corporal Cameron. Connor. (Doran.) $1.25.
3. A Cry in the Wilderness. Waller. (Little, Brown.) $1.30.
4. The Heather Moon. Williamson. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
5. The Typhoon. McConaughy. (Fly.) $1.25.
6. The Arm-chair at the Inn. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.30.

NON-FICTION

1. A Montessori Mother. Canfield. (Holt.) $1.25.
2. Humanly Speaking. Crothers. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.25.
3. The Woman Movement. Key. (Putnam.) $1.50.
4. The Promised Land. Antin. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.75.

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JUVENILES

No report.

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

FICTION

1. Their Yesterdays. Wright. (Book Supply.) $1.30.
2. Corporal Cameron. Connor. (Doran.) $1.25.
3. The Valiants of Virginia. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.35.
4. The Rise of Roscoe Paine. Lincoln. (Appleton.) $1.35.
5. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
6. Atlantis. Hauptmann. (Huebsch.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. Abe Martin's Almanac. Hubbard. (Abe Martin Pub. Co.) $1.00.
2. Your United States. Bennett. (Harper.) $2.00.
3. The Call of the Carpenter. White. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.20.
4. Christianizing the Social Order. Rauschenbusch. (Macmillan.) $1.50.

JUVENILES

1. Mary Ware's Promised Land. Johnston. (Page.) $1.50.
2. Mermaid's Gift. Brown. (Rand, McNally.) $1.25.
3. Crofton Chums. Barbour. (Century Co.) $1.25.

KANSAS CITY, MO.

FICTION

1. The Unknown Quantity. Van Dyke. (Scribner.) $1.50.
2. Corporal Cameron. Connor. (Doran.) $1.25.
3. The Lady and Sada San. Little. (Century Co.) $1.00.
4. Their Yesterdays. Wright. (Book Supply.) $1.30.
5. Daddy-Long-Legs. Webster. (Century Co.) $1.00.
6. A Romance of Billy-Goat Hill. Rice. (Century Co.) $1.25.

NON-FICTION

1. The Education of the Will. Payot. (Funk and Wagnalls.) $1.60.
2. South America. Bryce. (Macmillan.) $2.50.
3. Everybody's St. Francis. Egan. (Century Co.) $2.50.
4. The Montessori Method. Montessori. (Stokes.) $1.75.

JUVENILES

1. Mary Ware's Promised Land. Johnston. (Page.) $1.50.
2. Change Signals. Barbour. (Appleton.) $1.50.
3. My Robin. Burnett. (Stokes.) 50 cents.

LOS ANGELES, CAL.

FICTION

1. The Heart of an Orphan. Mathews. (Fitzgerald.) $1.00.
2. The Valiants of Virginia. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.35.
3. Cease Firing. Johnston. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.40.
4. This Stage of Fools. Merrick. (Kennerley.) $1.20.
5. The Heroine in Bronze. Allen. (Macmillan.) $1.25.
6. Rolling Stones. Henry. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.20.

NON-FICTION

1. Art. Rodin. (Small, Maynard.) $7.50.
2. Poems and Prose Dramas. Moody. (Houghton Mifflin.) $3.00.
3. Introduction to Metaphysics. Bergson. (Putnam.) $1.00.
4. The Blue Bird. Maeterlinck. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.25.

JUVENILES

No report.

LOUISVILLE, KY.

FICTION

1. A Romance of Billy-Goat Hill. Rice. (Century Co.) $1.25.
2. Corporal Cameron. Connor. (Doran.) $1.25.
3. The Heroine in Bronze. Allen. (Macmillan.) $1.25.
4. The Valiants of Virginia. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.35.
5. The Lady and Sada San. Little. (Century Co.) $1.00.
6. The Unknown Quantity. Van Dyke. (Scribner.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

MEMPHIS, TENN.

FICTION

1. The Valiants of Virginia. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.35.
2. Corporal Cameron. Connor. (Doran.) $1.35.
3. The Melting of Molly. Daviess. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.00.
4. Their Yesterdays. Wright. (Book Supply.) $1.30.
5. The Upas Tree. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.00.
6. Out of the Wreck I Rise. Harradan. (Stokes.) $1.35.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

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MILWAUKEE, WIS.

FICTION

1. Their Yesterdays. Wright. (Book Supply.) $1.30.
2. The Valiants of Virginia. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.35.
3. The Lady and Sada San. Little. (Century Co.) $1.00.
4. The Hollow of Her Hand. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.30.
5. The Unknown Quantity. Van Dyke. (Scribner.) $1.50.
6. The Dragoman. Stiles. (Harper.) $1.30.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

FICTION

1. A Cry in the Wilderness. Waller. (Little, Brown.) $1.30.
2. Their Yesterdays. Wright. (Book Supply.) $1.30.
3. Corporal Cameron. Connor. (Doran.) $1.25.
4. The Valiants of Virginia. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.35.
5. Marriage. Wells. (Duffield.) $1.35.
6. Atlantis. Hauptmann. (Huebsch.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. Your United States. Bennett. (Harper.) $2.00.
2. South America. Bryce. (Macmillan.) $2.50.
3. In the Courts of Memory. Hegermann-Lindencrone. (Harper.) $2.00.
4. Sun Yat Sen. Cantlie and Jones. (Revell.) $1.25.

JUVENILES

1. The Kewpies and Dotty Darling. O'Neill. (Doran.) $1.25.
2. Mother Goose in Holland. Post. (Jacobs.) $1.25.
3. Billy Pop-gun. Winter. (Houghton Mifflin.) $2.00.

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

FICTION

1. Corporal Cameron. Connor. (Doran.) $1.25.
2. A Romance of Billy-Goat Hill. Rice. (Century Co.) $1.25.
3. Their Yesterdays. Wright. (Book Supply.) $1.30.
4. The Pictures of Polly. Courtney. (Harper.) $1.00.
5. The Valiants of Virginia. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.35.
6. The Reef. Wharton. (Appleton.) $1.30.

NON-FICTION

1. South America. Bryce. (Macmillan.) $2.50.
2. The Letters of George Meredith. (Scribner.) $4.00.
3. The Three Brontës. Sinclair. (Houghton Mifflin.) $3.00.
4. The Last Leaf. Hosmer. (Putnam.) $2.00.

JUVENILES

1. The Tale of Mr. Tod. Potter. (Warne.) 50 cents.
2. Mary Ware's Promised Land. Johnston. (Page.) $1.50.
3. Stover at Yale. Johnson. (Stokes.) $1.35.

NEW HAVEN, CONN.

FICTION

1. The Valiants of Virginia. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.35.
2. The Rise of Roscoe Paine. Lincoln. (Appleton.) $1.30.
3. The Happy Warrior. Hutchinson. (Little, Brown.) $1.35.
4. Nonsense Novels. Leacock. (Lane.) $1.00.
5. The Dragoman. Stiles. (Harper.) $1.30.
6. The Parasite. Martin. (Lippincott.) $1.25.

NON-FICTION

1. South America. Bryce. (Macmillan.) $2.50.
2. Your United States. Bennett. (Harper.) $2.00.
3. Cobb's Anatomy. (Doran.) 70 cents.

JUVENILES

1. The Peter Rabbit Books. Potter. (Warne.) 50 cents.

NEW ORLEANS, LA.

FICTION

1. The Valiants of Virginia. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.35.
2. The Lady and Sada San. Little. (Century Co.) $1.00.
3. Their Yesterdays. Wright. (Book Supply.) $1.30.
4. The Net. Beach. (Harper.) $1.30.
5. Corporal Cameron. Connor. (Doran.) $1.25.
6. Cease Firing. Johnston. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.40.

NON-FICTION

1. The Unknown Quantity. Van Dyke. (Scribner.) $1.50.
2. Maidens Fair. Fisher. (Dodd, Mead.) $3.50.
3. Mark Twain. Paine. (Harper.) $6.00.
4. Just So Stories. Kipling. (Doubleday, Page.) $2.50.

JUVENILES

1. Mary Ware's Promised Land. Johnston. (Page.) $1.50.
2. Chronicles of Avonlea. Montgomery. (Page.) $1.25.
3. Sky Island. Baum. (Reilly and Britton.) $1.25.

NORFOLK, VA.

1. The Valiants of Virginia. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.35.

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2. Their Yesterdays. Wright. (Book Supply.) $1.30.
3. The Net. Beach. (Harper.) $1.30.
4. The Romance of Billy-Goat Hill. Rice. (Century Co.) $1.25.
5. The Lady and Sada San. Little. (Century Co.) $1.00.
6. Cease Firing. Johnston. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.40.

NON-FICTION

1. Old Time Belles and Cavaliers. Sale. (Lippincott.) $5.00.
2. The Sunshine of Life. Woolard. (McCormick Press.) 50 cents.
3. General Jubal A. Early. (Lippincott.) $3.50.
4. What All the World's a Seeking. Trine. (Crowell.) $1.50.

JUVENILES

1. Lieut. Ralph Osborne. Beach. (Wilde.) $1.50.
2. Mary Ware's Promised Land. Johnston. (Page.) $1.50.
3. An Island Secret. McAllister. (Dana, Estes.) $1.25.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

FICTION

1. The Valiants of Virginia. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.35.
2. The Lady and Sada San. Little. (Century Co.) $1.00.
3. The Happy Warrior. Hutchinson. (Little, Brown.) $1.35.
4. The Parasite. Martin. (Lippincott.) $1.25.
5. Ranching for Sylvia. Bindloss. (Stokes.) $1.30.
6. Joyful Heatherby. Erksine. (Little, Brown.) $1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. South America. Bryce. (Macmillan.) $2.50.
2. The Land of Footprints. White. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.50.
3. Woman in the Making of America. Bruce. (Little, Brown.) $1.50.
4. Your United States. Bennett. (Harper.) $2.00.

JUVENILES

1. Peter and Polly. Wilkinson. (Doubleday, Page.) 50 cents.
2. Boy Scouts of Woodcraft Camp. Burgess. (Penn.) $1.00.
3. The Lucky Sixpence. Knipe. (Century Co.) $1.25.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

FICTION

1. Joyful Heatherby. Erskine. (Little, Brown.) $1.35.
2. The Red Hand of Ulster. Birmingham. (Doran.) $1.20.
3. Daddy-Long-Legs. Webster. (Century Co.) $1.00.
4. The Parasite. Martin. (Lippincott.) $1.25.
5. The Joyous Adventures of Aristide Pujol. Locke. (Lane.) $1.30.
6. The Happy Warrior. Hutchinson. (Little, Brown.) $1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. Auction To-day. Work. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.25.
2. The South Pole. Amundsen. (Keedick.) $10.00.
3. South America. Bryce. (Macmillan.) $2.50.
4. The Flowing Road. Whitney. (Lippincott.) $3.00.

JUVENILES

No report.

PITTSBURGH, PA.

FICTION

1. The Valiants of Virginia. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.35.
2. Greyfriars Bobby. Atkinson. (Harper.) $1.25.
3. Daddy-Long-Legs. Webster. (Century Co.) $1.00.
4. The Master of the Oaks. Stanley. (Revell.) $1.25.
5. Cease Firing. Johnston. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.40.
6. The Lost World. Doyle. (Doran.) $1.25.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

PORTLAND, OREGON.

FICTION

1. Corporal Cameron. Connor. (Doran.) $1.25.
2. The Net. Beach. (Harper.) $1.30.
3. Their Yesterdays. Wright. (Book Supply.) $1.30.
4. The Lady and Sada San. Little. (Century Co.) $1.00.
5. Cease Firing. Johnston. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.40.
6. A Cry in the Wilderness. Waller. (Little, Brown.) $1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. The Guardians of the Columbia. Williams. (Gill.) $1.50.
2. Your United States. Bennett. (Harper.) $2.00.
3. The Montessori System. Montessori. (Stokes.) $1.75.
4. Fifty Years in Oregon. Geer. (Neale.) $3.00.

JUVENILES

1. The Chatterbox. (Estes.) 90 cents.
2. Sky Island. Baum. (Reilly and Britton.) $1.25.
3. Army Boy in Pekin. Kilbourne. (Penn.) $1.20.

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PORTLAND, ME.

FICTION

1. Corporal Cameron. Connor. (Doran.) $1.35.
2. Cease Firing. Johnston. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.40.
3. Their Yesterdays. Wright. (Book Supply.) $1.30.
4. The Lady and Sada San. Little. (Century Co.) $1.00.
5. The Rise of Roscoe Paine. Lincoln. (Appleton.) $1.30.
6. A Cry in the Wilderness. Waller. (Little, Brown.) $1.30.

NON-FICTION

1. South America. Bryce. (Macmillan.) $2.50.
2. Your United States. Bennett. (Harper.) $2.00.
3. The Flowing Road. Whitney. (Lippincott.) $3.00.
4. Panama and the Canal To-day. Lindsay. (Page.) $3.00.

JUVENILES

No report.

PROVIDENCE, R. I.

FICTION

1. The Rise of Roscoe Paine. Lincoln. (Appleton.) $1.30.
2. Corporal Cameron. Connor. (Doran.) $1.25.
3. A Cry in the Wilderness. Waller. (Little, Brown.) $1.35.
4. Joyful Heatherby. Erskine. (Little, Brown.) $1.35.
5. The Little Grey Shoe. Brebner. (Little, Brown.) $1.25.
6. The Happy Warrior. Hutchinson. (Little, Brown.) $1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. South America. Bryce. (Macmillan.) $2.50.
2. Your United States. Bennett. (Harper.) $2.00.
3. In the Courts of Memory. Hegermann-Lindencrone. (Harper.) $2.00.
4. Lincoln's Own Story. Gross. (Harper.) $1.00.

JUVENILES

No report.

RICHMOND, VA.

FICTION

1. Cease Firing. Johnston. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.40.
2. Their Yesterdays. Wright. (Book Supply.) $1.30.
3. The Lady and Sada San. Little. (Century Co.) $1.00.
4. The Valiants of Virginia. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
5. A Cry in the Wilderness. Waller. (Little, Brown.) $1.30.
6. A Romance of Billy-Goat Hill. Rice. (Century Co.) $1.25.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

ST. LOUIS, MO.

FICTION

1. Their Yesterdays. Wright. (Book Supply.) $1.35.
2. The Valiants of Virginia. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.35.
3. A Cry in the Wilderness. Waller. (Little, Brown.) $1.30.
4. Cease Firing. Johnston. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.40.
5. Friar Tuck. Wason. (Small, Maynard.) $1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. The Daughter of Heaven. Loti. (Duffield.) $1.25.

JUVENILES

No report.

ST. LOUIS, MO.

FICTION

1. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
2. A Cry in the Wilderness. Waller. (Little, Brown.) $1.30.
3. The Upas Tree. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.00.
4. The Lady and Sada San. Little. (Century Co.) $1.00.
5. The Man in Lonely Land. Bosher. (Harper.) $1.00.
6. Miss Minerva and William Green Hill. Calhoun. (Reilly and Britton.) $1.00.

NON-FICTION

1. The Promised Land. Antin. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.75.
2. Your United States. Bennett. (Harper.) $2.00.
3. The New Democracy. Weyl. (Macmillan.) $2.00.
4. South America. Bryce. (Macmillan.) $2.50.

JUVENILES

No report.

ST. PAUL, MINN.

FICTION

1. Corporal Cameron. Connor. (Doran.) $1.25.
2. The Valiants of Virginia. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.35.
3. The Unknown Quantity. Van Dyke. (Scribner.) $1.50.
4. Daddy-Long-Legs. Webster. (Century Co.) $1.00.
5. Their Yesterdays. Wright. (Book Supply.) $1.30.
6. The Lady and Sada San. Little. (Century Co.) $1.00.

NON-FICTION

1. South America. Bryce. (Macmillan.) $2.50.

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2. Auction Bridge. Montgomery. (Scribner.) $1.25.
3. Fine Points of Auction Bridge. Irwin. (Putnam.) $1.00.
4. Your United States. Bennett. (Harper.) $2.00.

JUVENILES

1. Nora Square Accounts. McKinley. (Appleton.) $1.50.
2. Mother West Wind's Animal Friends. Burgess. (Little, Brown.) $1.00.
3. Mary Ware's Promised Land. Johnston. (Page.) $1.25.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

FICTION

1. The Wind Before the Dawn. Munger. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
2. The Net. Beach. (Harper.) $1.35.
3. The Rich Mrs. Burgoyne. Norris. (Macmillan.) $1.25.
4. Marriage. Wells. (Duffield.) $1.35.
5. Greyfriars Bobby. Atkinson. (Harper.) $1.20.
6. The Melting of Molly. Daviess. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.00.

NON-FICTION

1. The Star-Treader. Smith. (Robertson.) $1.25.
2. Woman in the United States. Constant. (Roberston.) 80 cents.
3. San Francisco. Purdy. (Elder.) $2.50.
4. In the Footprints of the Padres. Stoddard. (Robertson.) $2.00.

JUVENILES

1. The Little Colonel Series. Johnston. (Page.) $1.50.
2. Peter Rabbit Series. Potter. (Warne.) 50 cents.
3. Betty Wales Series. Ward. (Penn.) $1.20.

SEATTLE, WASH.

FICTION

1. Corporal Cameron. Connor. (Doran.) $1.25.
2. Cease Firing. Johnston. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.40.
3. The Hollow of Her Hand. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.30.
4. The Valiants of Virginia. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.35.
5. Their Yesterdays. Wright. (Book Supply.) $1.30.
6. The Heroine in Bronze. Allen. (Macmillan.) $1.25.

NON-FICTION

1. The Montessori Method. Montessori. (Stokes.) $1.75.
2. The Promised Land. Antin. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.75.
3. Rhymes of a Rolling Stone. Service. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.00.
4. South America. Bryce. (Macmillan.) $2.50.

JUVENILES

1. The Rocket Book. Newell. (Harper.) $1.25.
2. Azalea. Peattie. (Reilly and Britton.) $1.00.
3. Sky Island. Baum. (Reilly and Britton.) $1.25.

SPOKANE, WASH.

FICTION

1. Corporal Cameron. Connor. (Doran.) $1.25.
2. The Lady and Sada San. Little. (Century Co.) $1.00.
3. The Net. Beach. (Harper.) $1.30.
4. Their Yesterdays. Wright. (Book Supply.) $1.30.
5. Daddy-Long-Legs. Webster. (Century Co.) $1.00.
6. Cease Firing. Johnston. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.40.

NON-FICTION

1. South America. Bryce. (Macmillan.) $2.50.
2. A Montessori Mother. Fisher. (Holt.) $1.25.
3. A Vagabond Journey Around the World. Franck. (Century Co.) $3.50.
4. Fine Points of Auction Bridge. Irwin. (Putnam.) $1.00.

JUVENILES

1. The Boy with U. S. Fisheries. Wheeler. (Lothrop, Lee and Shepard.) $1.50.
2. Just So Stories. Kipling. (Doubleday, Page.) $2.50.
3. Peggy Owen and Liberty. Madison. (Penn.) $1.25.

TOLEDO, OHIO.

FICTION

1. Joyful Heatherby. Erksine. (Little, Brown.) $1.35.
2. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
3. Their Yesterdays. Wright. (Book Supply.) $1.30.
4. The Parasite. Martin. (Lippincott.) $1.25.
5. The Lapse of Enoch Wentworth. Curtis. (Browne.) $1.25.
6. The Happy Warrior. Hutchinson. (Little, Brown.) $1.35.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

TORONTO, CANADA.

FICTION

1. Corporal Cameron. Connor. (Westminster Co.) $1.25.
2. Their Yesterdays. Wright. (McLeod.) $1.35.
3. A Romance of Billy-Goat Hill. Rice. (Briggs.) $1.25.
4. The Long Patrol. Cody. (Briggs.) $1.25.

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5. Sunshine Sketches. Leacock. (Bell and Cockburn.) $1.25.
6. Black Creek Stopping House. McClung. (Briggs.) $1.00.

NON-FICTION

1. Rhymes of a Rolling Stone. Service. (Briggs.) $1.00.
2. Reminiscences of Cartwright. (Briggs.) $3.00.
3. Public Men and Public Life in Canada. Young. (Briggs.) $4.25.

JUVENILES

No report.

WACO, TEXAS.

FICTION

1. The Valiants of Virginia. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.35.
2. The Net. Beach. (Harper.) $1.30.
3. Corporal Cameron. Connor. (Doran.) $1.25.
4. Cease Firing. Johnston. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.40.
5. The Return of Peter Grimm. Belasco. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.25.
6. Their Yesterdays. Wright. (Book Supply.) $1.30.

NON-FICTION

1. Brann the Iconoclast. (Herz.) $3.00.

JUVENILES

No report.

WORCESTER, MASS.

FICTION

1. The Valiants of Virginia. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.35.
2. The Rise of Roscoe Paine. Lincoln. (Appleton.) $1.30.
3. The Happy Warrior. Hutchinson. (Little, Brown.) $1.35.
4. Corporal Cameron. Connor. (Doran.) $1.25.
5. Daddy-Long-Legs. Webster. (Century Co.) $1.00.
6. Their Yesterdays. Wright. (Book Supply.) $1.30.

NON-FICTION

1. The Promised Land. Antin. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.75.
2. South America. Bryce. (Macmillan.) $2.50.
3. By-Paths of Collecting. Robie. (Century Co.) $2.40.
4. Americans and Others. Repplier. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.10.

JUVENILES

1. The Peter Rabbit Series. Potter. (Warne.) 50 cents.
2. Mary Ware's Promised Land. Johnston. (Page.) $1.50.
3. Old Mother West Wind. Burgess. (Little, Brown.) $1.00.

From the above list the six best-selling books (fiction) are selected according to the following system:

A book standing			1st	on	any	list	receives	10
"	"	"	2d	"	"	"	"	8
"	"	"	3d	"	"	"	"	7
"	"	"	4th	"	"	"	"	6
"	"	"	5th	"	"	"	"	5
"	"	"	6th	"	"	"	"	4

BEST SELLING BOOKS

According to the foregoing lists, the six books (fiction) which have sold best in the order of demand during the month are:

	POINTS
1. The Valiants of Virginia. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.35	232
2. Corporal Cameron. Connor. (Doran.) $1.25	204
3. Their Yesterdays. Wright. (Book Supply.) $1.30	200
4. The Lady and Sada San. Little. (Century Co.) $1.00	111
5. Cease Firing. Johnston. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.40	94
6. A Cry in the Wilderness. Waller. (Little, Brown.) $1.30	84

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